National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR. WITHOUT CONCEALMENT....WITHOUT COMPROMISE. EDMUND QUINCY, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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Selections.

CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS OF FREE PERSONS OF COLOUR.

WE had occasion to remark not long since that the constitutionality of the South Carolina law relative to the imprisonment of coloured seamen arriving in foreign vessels was likely to be judicially determined by the courts of the United States. The same law prohibits the migration of any free negroes or persons of colour under any pretext whatever.

The object of such legislation is obvious. It is to prevent intercourse between free coloured persons and slaves, an intercourse which experience has shown to be fraught with danger to the interests, welfare and internal peace of slaveholding communities. Other States have laws restricting or forbidding the ingress of the same description of population, based upon the same policy. Some of these laws, it is true, are not so rigorous as that of South Carolina, but they are all founded upon the same fundamental principles of social polity, and they must stand or fall together. The slaveholding States have or have not the right to enact such laws; the extent to which it may be politic to carry these laws and the rigour of their provisions, are matters within the sound discretion of the legislator, but in nowise involve the principles upon which such legislation rests.

Great Britain denies to South Carolina the right to imprison her coloured seamen during their continuance in the ports of that State, contending that the law under which such imprisonments are made conflicts with the first article of the Convention of 1815, regulating commerce between the United States and Great Britain. The article invoked reads as follows:

> There shall be between the territories of the United States of America and all the territories of his Britannic Majesty in Europe, a reciprocal liberty of commerce.
>
> The inhabitants of the two countries, respectively, shall have liberty, freely and securely, to come with their ships and cargoes to all such places, ports and rivers, in the territories aforesaid, to which other foreigners are permitted to come, to enter into the same, and to remain and reside in any parts of the said territories, respectively; also, to hire and occupy houses and warehouses for the purposes of their commerce; and, generally, the merchants and traders of each nation, respectively, shall enjoy the most complete protection and security for their commerce, *but subject always to the laws and statutes of the two countries respectively.*

It will be remarked, in passing, that the provisions of this treaty only relate to the "territory of the United States and all the territories of Her Britanic Majesty *in Europe*." The privileges of this treaty, however, are secured to the merchants and traders of each nation, "subject always to the laws and statutes of the two countries respectively." This, of course, must mean all "the laws and statutes" of the United States and of the several States, which are made in conformity with the organic laws and civil polity of the land. The only question, then, which the controversy presents, respects the constitutionality of this law.

The non-slaveholding States of the Union have contended, some of them with great vehemence, that no State possesses the constitutional power to pass laws forbidding, or in any way restricting, the free ingress of coloured persons coming from other States in the Union, who shall by the laws of the latter have been recognised and treated as citizens; and they rest their position upon the second section of the fourth article of the Constitution of the United States: "The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States."

We certainly think that this long mooted question respecting the constitutionality of this species of legislation is important only on account of the magnitude of the interests which it involves; for we are satisfied that to every unprejudiced and intelligent mind, which shall give the subject a fair and impartial examination, the question must appear totally devoid of all legal difficulty. Self-preservation is the first principle of every society, and consequently the protection and guardianship of the existence and vital interests of that society is the first duty of every government. The power, therefore, to make such laws as are essential to the due defence, security and well-being of the institutions, and of the persons and property of the citizens of a State, is a necessary incident of government. Of the character and necessity of such laws every government, from its very nature, must, within the limits of its authority, be the sole judge.

These are principles which have been assumed and acted upon by every organized political society. Accordingly laws, various and essentially different in character, are found to suit the peculiar institutions, circumstances, wants and sentiments of different people and different ages, but always looking to the interests and necessities of society as these have at the times been conceived and understood by the legislators. The more effectually to guard the interests and promote the peace and welfare of communities, the most stringent regulations respecting paupers, vagrants and other idlers are adopted by many States, and sanitary and sumptuary laws are enacted. The statutes of England provide that "paupers refusing to work, or getting drunk, or otherwise misbehaving, may be committed to jail or house of correction and kept at hard labour not exceeding twenty-one days." "A person likely to become chargeable to the parish may be removed to the place of his late legal settlement; and if he refuse to go or return back when sent, he shall be deemed an idle and disorderly person, and may be committed to the house of refuge as a vagabond."

Similar provisions exist in many of the States of this Union. By reference to the statutes of Massachusetts, it will be perceived that idle persons, vagabonds, common beggars, common pipers and fiddlers, common night-walkers and *stubborn children* may be arrested and imprisoned, and that the length of their imprisonment depends entirely on the discretion of the overseers or directors of the houses of correction; and that if one who has been discharged from such imprisonment should be again guilty of the same offence, he may be sentenced to imprisonment at hard labour in the house of correction for a term not exceeding one year.

It is not because such persons are guilty of crimes that these laws are made, but because it has been found that idleness, destitution, debauchery, and disobedience of parental authority lead to the commission of crimes; and because it is as much the duty of society to prevent the occurrence of disorders and the perpetration of offences, when practicable to do so, as it is to punish them after their occurrence. The object of such legislation is to protect and advance, in the greatest possible degree, the well being of society.

To the same end every sovereign State exercises, when it conceives it for his interest to do so, the right to prohibit the migration of any person or any classes of persons into its territories, or to expel any from its territories, and even to interdict altogether intercourse between its own citizens and those of other States. All these rights arise from the duty and necessity which rest upon every Government to guard and promote to the best of its ability the peace and interests of its own subjects.

The institution of Slavery exists in many of the States of this Union. It existed previous to the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, and was in no manner interfered with by the formation and establishment of the General Government. It is strictly and purely a local institution, and subject exclusively to the laws of the State in which it may exist. Slaves are a peculiar species of property. They are diminished in value by discontent, and may become dangerous by insubordination. They generally constitute the larger portion of the wealth and property of the citizens where the institution exists. But they are something more than property. They are part of the family of the citizen. They enter into the structure of society. They are an element in the social organization. To expose therefore slaves to seditious influences and incitations to insubordination and revolt, is not only to endanger the property of the citizen, but also the safety and existence of society.

Now, experience has abundantly shown that the presence and contact of free coloured persons with a slave population, are almost invariably followed by disturbances and disorders among the latter. The South Carolina law originated in the detection, some thirty years ago, of an extensive insurrectionary movement among the slaves in that State, devised and set on foot by a free negro. To prevent the occurrence of evils fraught with so much mischief, the slaveholding States generally expel from their limits such free coloured persons as are emancipated by their citizens, and prohibit those out of the State from emigrating to or settling in it. The exercise by a State of a power more essential to its internal peace and welfare, and to the due protection of the persons and property of its citizens, than this, can scarcely be conceived. Indeed its existence in the governments of all slaveholding communities is a vital necessity.

It is therefore clear that upon principle, at least, the Southern States possess the power to pass the laws in question. And it is not to be supposed that they ever surrendered a power so vitally important to themselves, unless the language of such surrender is clear and unequivocal.

> "The powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."—*Const. U. S.*

It is, however, contended that the prohibition by this State, for example, of free coloured persons who may, by the laws of any State of the Union, be citizens thereof, from freely coming and remaining among us, is a violation of that article of the Constitution of the United States which we first quoted. The effect of this construction of the Constitution would obviously be to nullify all our laws respecting free coloured people. For it would only be necessary that our emancipated slaves and free coloured residents should acquire citizenships in some one of the States and then return to Louisiana and claim all the rights, privileges and immunities of her free white citizens. In other words, certain States would exercise the power of making citizens for the other States, the very evil against which the Constitution of the United States has expressly guarded, and which was so seriously felt under the Confederation. The principle, too, of this interpretation is that the privileges and immunities of citizens are determined, not by the laws of the State in which they at present reside, but by those of the State from which they may have come. Accordingly, if our common beggars, pipers or fiddlers, or other idlers whom our laws may not have disturbed with pains and penalties, should favour the Commonwealth of Massachusetts with a visit, they could not be rightfully subjected to restraint or imprisonment, and would, therefore, enjoy a very gainful monopoly of their pursuits.

It is needless to observe that an interpretation which leads to such absurdities cannot be sound. The obvious intent and meaning of the article is to provide that in no State shall the citizens of other States be regarded or treated as aliens; to place, in all the States of the Union, the citizens of the several States upon an equality of footing in regard to those rights and privileges which in their nature are fundamental, and belong of right to the citizens of all free governments. In the language of Kent, it "applies only to natural born or duly naturalized citizens, and if they remove from one State to another, they are entitled to the privileges that persons of the same description are entitled to in the State *to which the removal is made, and to none other*. The laws and usages of one State cannot be permitted to prescribe qualifications for citizens, to be claimed and exercised in other States, *in contravention of their local policy*."

This, we apprehend, is sufficiently explicit. It is clear that the constitutional provision invoked does not touch the class of laws in question.

But more: Do free people of colour even come within the purview of this article of the constitution? It has been repeatedly held by the highest courts of judicature in the South, that "free negroes or free persons of colour are not citizens within the meaning of the Constitution of the United States." It has been uniformly understood and acknowledged by all respectable judicial authorities both North and South, that the constitution does not authorize any but white persons to become citizens of the United States. Says Kent, "The act of Congress confines the description of aliens capable of naturalization to free white persons. I presume that this excludes the inhabitants of Africa and their *descendants*."

There is, however, a simple view of this matter which we think is conclusive of the whole question in dispute. The institution of Slavery existed previous to the formation of the Constitution and Government of the United States. It was studiously left under the exclusive control of the local authorities of the States respectively in which it existed. The legislative power of a State must necessarily be equal to its authority and responsibility. The possession of the exclusive right of controlling an institution without the legislative power to give effect to this right, would be a nullity. It is in fact a palpable contradiction. If, therefore, the slaveholding States have respectively exclusive control over the institution of Slavery, it follows, by necessary implication, that they must possess the power to pass every law necessary to the due protection and welfare of this institution, and of the communities in which it exists.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE *Charleston Mercury* mentions that "the Legislature of Louisiana, after full consideration of the representations that have been addressed to them, have repealed those provisions of their law which provided for the imprisonment of coloured seamen from abroad, and have substituted for this, a provision allowing such seamen to land for their necessary duties, with passports from the Mayor."

For some considerable time past complaints have been urged against the system pursued in Charleston, of imprisoning British seamen, not for any crime committed by them, but because they happened to be coloured, and latterly the question has been taken up and pressed upon the consideration of the authorities by Mr. Matthew, the British Consul at that place, and late Governor of the Bahamas. The *Herald* tells us that "a great deal of noise, and some indignation on a small scale, seems to be generated by a number of the Anti-slavery journals of the North, in relation to the cases of the imprisonment of foreign coloured sailors which now and then take place in Charleston, S. C., under the operation of a law of the State." It then alludes to the correspondence between Mr. Matthew and the authorities of South Carolina, relative to the operation of this law, and remarks that "in pursuing that plan of operation, he (Mr. M.) had been entering on diplomatic functions, and so far went beyond the strict rights and privileges of a commercial, international agent." The blame of his doing so has been attributed to Mr. Clayton, the American Secretary of State, and Mr. Bulwer, the late British Minister at Washington, to whom imbecility or timidity is attributed; and the paper mentioned winds up with the expression of the opinion, that "the State of South Carolina has a perfect right to pass such a law, and to exclude such seamen from landing on her shores, come from what part of the world they may."

Upon the alleged right of South Carolina to imprison the subjects of a country in amity with the United States who have committed no offence, except that of going on shore in the performance of a lawful duty, it is hardly necessary to make any observation. If an American subject were imprisoned in any British Colony, under the authority of a local act, simply because he was *white*, we should have the *Herald* singing to another tune, and, in the exuberance of its indignation, ridiculing the idea that upon the wretched plea of "possessing that right, in the shape of a police regulation," an American who had committed no crime, and against whom nothing could be alleged except the colour of his skin, could be locked up in a prison in a British Colony with impunity. There would be no limit to the indignation of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, nor end to the abuse of the British Government for permitting such a state of things in her colonies. It would be in vain that he was reminded that the colony "had a perfect right to pass such a law, and to exclude such persons from landing on her shores," and that "she possessed that right in the shape of a police regulation." We should be laughed at if we said "it is nothing more than the right which South Carolina has exercised when she imprisoned British subjects because they were coloured." If "that State, and every other State in America," and the whole country, have a perfect right to exclude, as a police regulation, every individual from whom trouble or agitation or sedition might be expected, and to prohibit them from entering their borders, we in Jamaica and the other British colonies have a perfect right to prohibit white Americans from landing on our shores, and, if they do land, to lock them up safely in prison until the vessel in which they arrived is ready to sail. Some of our coloured Members of Assembly might carry out the views of the *Herald*, by introducing a bill to "exclude agitators and other dangerous characters from entering within the limits" of this island. In that case we should volunteer to supply a preamble in something like the following form:

"Whereas the New York *Herald* and other American papers have at various periods, and from time to time, recommended and urged the propriety of this island being annexed to the United States: And whereas there are many Lopezes in the said States, and fillibustering expeditions from some of the Southern ones are to be apprehended: And whereas agitators and other dangerous characters may introduce themselves into this island, and seek to corrupt the inhabitants, undermine their loyalty, and seek to destroy their love of royal and legitimate authority: And whereas it is expedient to prevent, by every means in the power of the local government, any such attempts being made, and to perpetuate true "liberty and equality" such as exists here, and not that spurious description which the Americans boast the possession of, be it enacted, &c."

In the enacting part of such a bill, it may be mentioned, and carefully repeated, that as a "police regulation," no white American be allowed to land, or set foot upon our shores, under the pains and penalties contained in the South Carolina enactment.

Granting the right of South Carolina to enact any such law as a police regulation, it seems quite absurd to imprison a man because he is coloured.—Great Britain recognises no such silly distinction between her subjects, and cannot permit the coloured ones to be imprisoned by a friendly State without remonstrance. She has preferred to wait the progress of more rational opinions in the Southern States, for the removal of the grievances complained of, and it is satisfactory that one step has been taken in the right direction by the legislature of Louisiana.

It is impossible, however, to peruse the paragraph in the Charleston *Mercury*, announcing the alteration which has thus taken place in the law, without being struck with the dread, or the hatred which the Slave-owners manifest, of free colored persons from other States or from abroad. "We have not yet seen the statute (the paper named remarks), and cannot say whether it applies to coloured seamen from the North as well as from foreign countries.—In regard to the former, we should be decidedly opposed to placing them on the same footing as the latter, except when they are driven into our ports by stress of weather. But even in regard to them, it seems that our law ought to be changed on the principle of the Indiana and Illinois constitutions. Let coloured seamen from the North be forbidden to enter our ports, and let their introduction subject the vessel to a fine of a thousand dollars for every one, and we venture to say we should be no more troubled with the visits of those precious 'citizens of Massachusetts.'" The idea of imposing a fine of one thousand dollars on the owner or master of a vessel, for having a coloured seaman on board, and that seaman an American, appears to the last degree arbitrary and unjust. But so it is. Such is the course pursued by civilized educated men, for the purpose of maintaining their control over, and preserving their property in, their fellow-men.—(*Kingston, Jamaica*) *Morning Herald.*

THE NOTORIOUS AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADER, DA SOUZA—HIS CAREER AND DEATH.

The following details as to the life of this infamous man, are taken from a paper presented to Parliament on the destruction of Lagos, and are from the pen of Mr. Thomas Hutton:

M. da Souza, the notorious slave-dealer, died about fifteen months ago; this man was in his 81st year when he died. He went to Whydah in the year 1792, in his 24th year. Various have been the rumours that occasioned his going there; he, however, himself once told me he came out as secretary under the Portuguese Government to their fort in Whydah, and remained three years in that service, and then returned to the Brazils, where I imagined he was born. He wished it supposed that he was a Spaniard by birth, and was always treated so in courtesy and styled Don. The Portuguese did not long continue to support their Government in Whydah, and the slave-trade there soon fell into the hands of the most enterprising, the most so of whom was M. da Souza. He had for many years an extraordinary run of good luck, and it was imagined had amassed a large fortune. His fame as a slave-dealer gained him unlimited credit in the Havana and Brazil, and ship after ship arrived from those places at Popo, Whydah and Lagos, consigned to him generally with full cargoes of merchandize and specie; the goods were recklessly landed in bamboo store-houses on the beach. The accumulated cargoes brought upon him an immeuse amount of debt; of this he appeared utterly regardless, so long as it had the desired effect upon the natives to cause them to consider him possessed of inexhaustible wealth, and for the King of Dahomey to imagine the same, on whom he lavished vast sums of wealth, but who in return could never at any time supply more than a fraction of the amount in slaves for the large amount of property that was sent to him; and frequently from thirty to forty ships, in the year 1826, were lying in the roadsteads of Whydah, all consigned to Da Souza, who had landed all their cargoes, but in return could seldom supply more than four or five cargoes of slaves. Many of the ships, after staying out twenty months to two years, from their light construction went to pieces on the beach; others lost all their crews and were abandoned; some became prizes, and the general result was, as no account whatever was kept of cargoes landed, every species of extravagance and expenditure took place, to the ruin of the owners. Some of them sent out supercargoes to see what the former were about. Frequently the fate of the second supercargo and ship and cargo went the way of the first. So lucrative, however, was the profit on slaves, or the want of them so much required, that some years elapsed before these reckless consignees to Da Souza began to grow cautious—in fact, not before many were ruined. In the interim a more rigid law had passed respecting the capture of slave-trading vessels.

The King of Dahomey, who thus had had, for years past, countless wealth poured in upon him, became at last exacting when the rapid torrent ceased to flow so fast as formerly, and it took some years before he could, in the least, comprehend the causes that had diminished the supplies to his agent Da Souza, who had years before virtually become so, to have the monopoly of the trade; and who went annually to Dahomey, with tribute to the King, and with vast supplies to his chiefs, to furnish them with means for the next slave-hunt. Year after year these supplies became gradually less, Da Souza having become gradually poorer, and troubled with a host of creditors in the Havana and Brazils. The principals or consignees themselves, in many instances, came to Whydah to claim their debts. Da Souza, keeping no accounts, generally denied all knowledge of the parties or the business on which they had come about; frequently he would absent himself or be in Dahomey months, when a party of creditors arrived from the Havana or Brazils. Yet such was the nature of the trade, a lucky voyage or two enabled him to pacify the clamours of these distressed creditors. He treated them with country presents and an unbounded hospitality, and with tales of the endless resources of the King, who would at any time send him as many slaves as he pleased.

Various enactments took place, the cruisers were more vigilant than ever, and matters grew worse and worse. Merchants in the Havana sent agents to have interviews with the King; heavy complaints were made against Da Souza, which, for policy's sake, the King would not listen to, he himself not being the rightful successor, but upheld by Da Souza's influence and vast presents to the chiefs.

At last, after a few more years, it was arranged that agents from the Havana and Brazils might settle at Whydah, and Da Souza should give up shipping slaves, but to receive a commission of a doubloon for every slave that was shipped. On this he lived in the latter years of his life. He had also raised up duties or contributions on every native who held a slave, at per head, which enabled him latterly to keep up some appearance before the King and his chiefs; but this grew less and less, until he actually became tortured with the thought of want. When he died his stores were empty. The King of Dahomey sent to have his property taken up to him, and his chiefs entered into the house, and all that could be found was simply a little furniture and some plate; but neither money, goods, nor anything of value. This lesson has been most salutary to the King and his chiefs, to see that the man whom they considered was possessed of endless wealth, had died without the value of a keg of gunpowder in his stores to be fired over his remains, which is with them considered extreme poverty; thus confounding them, and shaking their confidence in the stability of the slave-trade. Such was the end of one of the greatest slave-dealers of modern times.

Da Souza may be considered to have been the mainspring of the slave-trade on that part of the coast; his long life, influence, and slave-trading notoriety, has given way, and his like is not likely to be replaced. The recklessness of the Havana and Brazilian consignees has ceased to flow to Whydah, and the stream of wealth, in consequence, has ceased to flow to Dahomey. This has curtailed the King's means to make extraordinary slave-hunts; and so great have been the recent changes, by the introduction of palm-oil, and other legitimate commerce, combined with the vigilance of the cruisers, that the slave-trade is being cut up root and branch; and if it was not for the feeling of being lowered in the eyes of the surrounding nations, it is supposed that the King would most willingly give it up, as he has created so many hostile powers against himself; and the free trade in palm-oil that has extended all along that coast, has enabled every petty state or tribe to furnish themselves with arms and ammunition against the common enemy, who was formerly the only power who could get them. The King well knows how everything is working against him, and he feels the loss of his ancient friend and counsellor, Da Souza. One thing alone is wanting to compel him to stop the trade, that is, to get possession of Lagos, and, either by treaty or force, utterly extinguish the slave-trade there. The King of Dahomey says, if that is done, he will then be willing to listen to a treaty.

SPEECH OF THEODORE PARKER,

At the Grand Mass A. S. Celebration of Independence Day, at Abington (Mass.), July 5, 1852.

[Reported for the Liberator.]

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—This is one of the four anniversaries which mark four great movements in the progressive development of mankind. Each of these anniversaries marks an Epoch in the history of the human race.

The first is the 25th of December, the date agreed upon as the anniversary of the Birth of Jesus of Nazareth, marking the epoch of Christianity.

The next is the 1st of November, the date when, in 1517, Martin Luther nailed the ninety-five theses on the church door at Wittenberg, the noise of his hammer startling the indolence, the despotism and the licentiousness of the Pope, and his concubines, and his court far off at Rome. That marks the Epoch of Protestantism, the greatest movement of mankind after the teaching of Jesus.

The third is the 22d of December, the day when our Forefathers, in 1620, first set their feet on Plymouth Rock, coming, though unconsciously, to build up a Church without a Bishop, a State without a King, a community without a lord, and a family without a slave. The day marks the Epoch of New England.

The fourth is the fourth of July, the day when our Fathers, in 1776, brought distinctly to national consciousness what I call the American Idea; the idea, namely, that all men have natural rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that all men are equal in their natural rights; that these rights can only be alienated by the possessor thereof; and that it is the only function of government to preserve their rights to each and all. This day marks the epoch of the United States of America—an Epoch indissolubly connected with the three that preceded it. The Idea was Christian, was Protestant, was of New England. Plymouth was becoming national, Protestanism going into politics, and the Sentiments and Ideas of Christianity getting an expression on a national scale. The Declaration of Independence was the American profession of faith in political Christianity.

This day is consecrated to freedom; let us look, therefore, at the Aspect of Freedom just now in America.

In 1776, there were less than 3,000,000 persons in the United States. Now, more than 3,000,000 voters. But, alas! there are also more than 3,000,000 slaves. Seventy-six years ago, Slavery existed in all the thirteen colonies; but New England was never quite satisfied with it; only the cupidity of the Puritan assented thereto, not his conscience. Soon it retreated from New England, from all the North, but strengthened itself in the South, and spread Westward and Southward, till now it has crossed the Cordilleras, and the Pacific Ocean is witness to the gigantic crime of the American People.

But, spite of this growth of Slavery, the American Idea has grown in favour with the American people, the North continually becoming more and more democratic in the best sense of the word. True, in all the great cities of the North, the love of Slavery has also grown strong, in none stronger than in Boston. The Mother city of the Puritans is the metropolis of the Hunkers. Slavery also has entered the churches of the North, and some of them, we see, when called on to choose betwixt Christianity and Slavery, openly and boldly decide against the Law of God, and in favour of this great crime against man. But simultaneously with this growth of Hunkerism in the cities and the churches of the North, at the same time with the spread of Slavery from the Delaware to the Sacramento, the spirit of liberty has also spread, and taken a deep hold on the hearts of the people.

In the material world, nothing is done by leaps, all by gradual advance. The land slopes upward all the way from Abington to the White Mountains. If Mt. Washington rose a mile and a quarter of sheer ascent, with perpendicular sides from the level of the ocean, only the eagle and the lightning could gain its top. Now its easy slope allows the girl to look down from its summit.

What is true in the world of matter holds also good in the world of man. There is no leap; a slope always; never a spring. The continuity of historical succession is never broke. Newtons and Shakspears do not spring up among Hottentots and Esquimaux, but among young nations inheriting the old culture. Even the men of genius, who tower like a cloud over the vulgar herd, have their predecessors almost as high, and the continuity of succession holds good in the Archimedes, the Gallileos, the Keplers, the Newtons and the La Places. Christianity would not have been possible in the time of Moses; nor Protestantism in the days of St. Augustine; nor a New England Plymouth in the days of Luther; nor the national recognition of the American Idea in 1620. That Idea could not become a national Fact in 1776. No, not yet is it a fact.

First comes the Sentiment—the feeling of liberty; next the Idea—the distinct notion thereof; then the Fact—the thought becomes a thing. Buds in March, blossoms in May, apples in September—that is the law of historical succession.

The Puritans enslaved the Indians. In 1675, the Indian apostle petitioned the 'Honourable Governor and Council sitting at Boston, the 13th of the 6th, '75,' that they would not allow Indians to be sold into Slavery. But John Eliot stood well nigh alone in that matter. For three months later, I find the Governor, Leveret, gives a bill of sale of seven Indians, 'to be sold for slaves,' and affixes thereto the 'Publique Seale of the Colony.'

Well, there has been a great progress from that day to the 12th of April, 1851, when the merchants of Boston had to break the laws of Massachusetts, and put the chains over the thick neck of the Chief Justice, and call out the Sims brigade, before they could kidnap and enslave a single fugitive from Georgia.

But it would not be historical to expect a nation to realize its own Idea at once, and allow all men to be 'equal' in the enjoyment of their 'natural and inalienable rights.' Still, there has been a great progress towards that in the last seventy-six years, spite of the steps taken backward in some parts of the land. It is not 110 years since slaves were advertised for sale in Boston, as now in Norfolk; not eighty years since they were property in Massachusetts, and appraised in the inventories of deceased republicans. So then the cause of African freedom has a more auspicious look on the 4th of July, 1852, than it had on the 4th of July, 1776. We do not always think so, because we look at the present evil, not at the greater evils of the past. So much for the *general* aspect of this matter.

Look now at the position of the *Political Parties*. There are two great parties in America—only two. One is the PRO-SLAVERY PARTY. This has not yet attained a distinct consciousness of its idea and consequent function; so there is contradiction in its opinions, vacillation in its conduct, and heterogeneous elements in its ranks. This has two divisions, viz., the Whigs and the Democrats. The two are one great national party—they are *one in Slavery*, as all sects are 'one in Christ.' Yet they still keep up their distinctive banners, and shout their hostile war-cry; but when they come to action, they both form column under the same leader, and fight for the same end—the promotion, the extension, and the perpetuation of Slavery.

Once the Whig Party wanted a Bank. Democracy trod it to the earth. Then the Whigs clamoured for a protective tariff. That also seems now an obsolete idea, and a revenue tariff is a fact accomplished. The old issues between Whig and Democrat are out of date. Shall it be said the Whigs want a strong central government, and the Democrats are still anti-federal, and opposed to the centralization of power? It is not so. I can see no difference in the two parties in this matter; both are ready to sacrifice the individual conscience to the brute power of arbitrary law; each to crush the individual rights of the separate States before the central power of the federal government. In passing the Fugitive Slave Bill, which aims at both these enormities, the Democrats outvied the Whigs; in executing it, the Whigs outdo the Democrats, and kidnap with a more malignant relish. I believe the official kidnappers are all Whigs, in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Buffalo.

Both parties have now laid down their Platforms, and nominated their candidates for the Presidency, and hoisted them thereon. Their Platforms are erected on slave soil, and made of slave timber. Both express the same devotion to Slavery, the same acquiescence in the Fugitive Slave Bill. The Whig Party says, we 'will *discountenance* all efforts at the renewal or continuance of such agitation [on the subject of Slavery], in Congress or out of it—whenever, wherever, or however the attempt may be made.' The Democrats say they 'will *resist* all attempts at reviving, in Congress or out of it, the agitation of the Slavery question, under whatever shape or colour the attempt may be made.' There is the difference; one will *discountenance*, and the other *resist* all agitation of the question which concerns the freedom of 3,000,000 American citizens. Slavery is their point of agreement.

Both have nominated their champions—each a 'General.' They have passed by the eminent politicians, and selected men whose political experience is insignificant. The Democratic champion from New Hampshire jumps upon one platform, the Whig champion from New Jersey jumps upon the other, and each seems to like that 'bad eminence' very well. But I believe that at what old politicians have left of a heart, both dislike Slavery—perhaps about equally. General Pierce, in a public meeting, I am told, declared that the Fugitive Slave Bill was against the principles of the common law, and against natural moral right. Gen. Scott, I am told, in a private conversation, observed, that if he were elected President, he would never appoint a slaveholder as Judge in any territory of the United States. Their letters accepting the nomination show the value of such public or private ejaculations.

It is a little remarkable that War and Slavery should be the *sine qua non* in the Chief Magistrate of the United States, and of no other country. A woman may be Queen of England, and rule one hundred millions of men, and yet not favour the selling of Christians. A man may be 'Prince President' of the mock republic of France, and hate Slavery; he may be Emperor of Austria, or Autocrat of all the Russias, and think kidnapping is a sin; yes, he may be Sultan of Turkey, and believe it self-evident that all men are created equal, with a natural, inherent and unalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness! But, to be President of the United States, a man must be devoted to Slavery, and believe in the 'finality of the compromise measures,' and promise to *discountenance* or to *resist* all agitation of the subject of Slavery, whenever, wherever, or however! Truly, 'it is a great country.'

That is the aspect of the great Pro-Slavery Party of America. But I must say a word of the late Whig Convention. It resulted in one of the most signal defeats that ever happened to an American statesman. Even Aaron Burr did not fall so suddenly and deep into the ground, at his first downfall, as Daniel Webster.

If I am rightly informed, Mr. Mason, in 1850, brought forward the Fugitive Slave Bill, with no expectation that it would pass; perhaps with no desire that it should pass. If it were rejected, then there was what seemed a tangible grievance, which the disunionists would lay hold of, as they cried for 'secession.' I don't *know* that it was so; I am told so. He introduced the Bill. Mr. Webster seized it, made it his 'thunder' on the 7th of March, 1850. It seemed a tangible thing for him to hold on by, while he kicked from under him his old platform of liberty, made of such timbers as his oration at Plymouth, at Bunker Hill, at Faneuil Hall—his speech for the Greeks, and his speech against Gen. Taylor. He held on to it for two years, and three months, and fourteen days; a long time for him. He took hold on the 7th of March, 1850; and on the 21st of June, 1852, his hands slipped off, and the Fugitive Slave Bill took flight towards the Presidency, without Daniel Webster, but with Gen. Pierce at one end of it, and Gen. Scott at the other.

> 'The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
> The prophet gazed—*and wished to follow too.*'

The downfall of Daniel Webster is terrible: it was sudden, complete, and final. He has fallen 'like Lucifer—never to rise again.' His giant strength was never so severely tasked as in the support of Slavery. What pains he took—up early and down late! What speeches he made—at Boston, New York, Albany, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, at Philadelphia, and I know not at how many other places! What letters he wrote! And it was all to end in this! What a fee for what a pleading! He was never *so* paid before.

The pride of Boston—its Hunkerism—ten hundred strong, went to Baltimore to see him rise. They came back amazed at the totality of his downfall.

I think this was at first the plan of some of the most skilful of the Northern leaders of the Whigs, *to nominate Gen. Scott without a platform*—not committed to Slavery or to Freedom; then to represent him as opposed to Slavery, and so on that ground to commend him to the North, and carry the election; for any day when the North rallies, it can outvote the South. But some violent pro-slavery men framed the present platform, and brought it forward. The policy of Mr. Webster's friends would have been to say—'We need no platform for Mr. Webster. The speech of March 7th is his platform. Mr. Fillmore needs none. Gen. Scott needs a platform, for you don't know his opinions.' But, 'it is enough for the servant that he be as his master.' As Mr. Webster had caught at Mason's Bill, so the Retainers caught at the Northern platform, and one who has a great genius for oratory enlarged on its excellence, and whitewashed it all over with his peculiar rhetoric. The platform was set up by the Convention, to the great joy of the 'Retainers' from New England; when all at once, the image of Gen. Scott appeared upon it! He as well as Fillmore or Webster can stand there. This was the weight that pulled them down; for after Scott had signified his willingness to accept the platform, the great objection to him on the part of the South was destroyed.

The defeat of Mr. Webster is complete and awful. In fifty-three ballotings, he never went beyond 32 votes out of 293. Fifty-three times was the vote taken, and fifty-three times the whole South voted against him. When it became apparent that the vote would fall to Gen. Scott, Mr. Webster's friends went and begged the Southerners to give him a few votes, votes which could then do Mr. Fillmore no good; but the South answered—*not a vote!* They went with tears in their eyes; still the South answered—*not a vote!* That is a remarkable 'chapter in History'!

Now that the great man has fallen—utterly and terribly fallen—a warning for many an age to come, I feel inclined to remember not only the justice of the judgment, but the great powers and the great services of the victim. I wish something may be done to comfort him in his failure, and am glad that his friends now seek an opportunity to express their esteem. Words of endearment are worth something when deeds of succour fail, and when words of consolation awake no hope. I think the Anti-Slavery men have dared to be just towards Mr. Webster, when he thundered from the seat of his power; now let us be generous. I hope no needless word of delight at his fall will be spoken by any one of us. If we fought against the lion in his pride, and withstood his rage and his roar, let us now remember that he was a LION, and not insult the prostrate majesty of mighty power. 'It was a grievous fault, and grievously hath *Webster* answered it.' But there was greatness, even nobleness in the man; and waste to expose so monstrous a departure from the true and right. He was a bankrupt politician, and fancied that he saw within his grasp the scope and goal of all his life; he represented a city whose controlling inhabitants prize gold and power above all things, and are not very scrupulous about the means to obtain either; men that run their taxes, let shops for drunkeries and houses for brothels, and bribe a senator of the nation. The New England doctors of divinity, in the name of God, justified his greatest crime. Do you expect more piety in the bear garden of politics than in the pulpit of the Christian church? Let us remember these things now the mighty is fallen. Let us pity the lion now that his mane is draggled in the dust, and his mouth is filled with Southern dirt. Blame there must be indeed; but pity for fallen greatness should yet prevail—not the pity of contempt, but the pity of compassion, the pity of love. Let us gather up the white ashes of him who perished at the political stake, and do loving honour to any good thing in his character and his life. If we err at all, let it be on the side of charity. We all need that.

If Gen. Scott is President, I take it we shall have a moderate pro-slavery administration, fussy and feathery; that we shall take a large slice from Mexico during the next four years. Gen. Scott is a military man, of an unblemished character, I believe—i. e. with no unpopular vices—but with the prejudices of a military man. He proposes to confer citizenship on any foreigner who has served a year in the army or navy of the United States, and seems to think a year of work at fighting is as good a qualification for American citizenship as five years industrious life on a farm, or in a shop. This is a little too military for the American taste, but will suit the military gentlemen who like to magnify their calling.

If Gen. Pierce is chosen, I take it we shall have a strong pro-slavery administration; shall get the slice of Mexico, and Cuba besides, in the next four years. 'Manifest destiny' will probably point that way.

I do not know that it will not be better for the cause of freedom that Pierce should succeed. Perhaps the sooner this whole matter is brought to a crisis, the better. In each party there is a large body of Hunkers—men who care little or nothing for the natural rights of man; mean, selfish men, who seek only their own gratification, and care not at what cost to mankind this is procured. If the Whig Party is defeated, I take it the majority of these Hunkers will gradually fall in with the Democrats; that the Whig Party will not rally again under its old name; that the party of Hunkers will hoist the flag of Slavery, and the whole hosts of noble, honest, and religious men in both parties will flee out from under that flag, and go over to the Party of Freedom. Now, the sooner this separation of the elements takes place, the better. Then we shall know who are our friends, who our foes. Men will have the real issue set before them. But, until the separation is effected, many good men will cling to their old party organization, with the delusive hope of opposing Slavery thereby. Thus we see two such valuable newspapers as the New York *Evening Post* and the *Tribune*, with strong Anti-Slavery feelings, at work for the Democrats or the Whigs. I think this is the last Presidential election in which such journals will defend such a platform.

Now look at the ANTI-SLAVERY PARTY. Here also are two great divisions: one is political, the other moral. A word of each—of the political party first.

This is formed of three sections. One is the *Free Soil party*, which come mainly from the Whigs; the next is the *Free Democracy*, the Barnburners, who have come mainly from the Democrats. Each of these has the prejudices of its own historical tradition—Whig prejudices or Democratic prejudices; it has also the excellencies of its primal source. I include the *Liberty party* in this Free Soil, Free Democratic division. They differ from the other in this—a denial that the Constitution of the United States authorizes or allows Slavery; a denial that Slavery is *constitutional* in the nation, or even *legal* in any State.

But all these agree in a strong feeling against Slavery. They are *one in freedom*, as the Whigs and Democrats are *one in Slavery*. Part of this feeling they have translated into an Idea. To express it in their most general terms—*Slavery is sectional, not national; belongs to the State, and not the Federal Government.* Hence they aim to cut the nation free from Slavery altogether, but will leave it to the individual States.

Now, this political Anti-Slavery party is a very strong party. It is considerable by its *numbers*—powerful enough to hold the balance of power in several of the States. Four years ago, it cast three hundred thousand votes. This year I think it will go up to four hundred thousand.

But it is stronger in the *talent and character of its eminent men*, than in the force of its numbers. You know those men. I need not speak of Chase and Hale, of Giddings and of Mann, with their coadjutors in Congress and out of it. Look at names not so well known as yet in our national debates. Here is a noble speech from Mr. Townshend, one new ally in the field from the good State of Ohio. This is the first speech of his that I have ever read; it is full of promise. There is conscience in this man; there is

General Scott, I take it, owes his nomination to Senator Seward. In the Convention, he seems to have wished for three things: 1. To defeat Mr. Webster, at all events. 2. To defeat Mr. Fillmore, if possible. 3. To have the nomination of Scott, without a platform, if possible, but if not, with a platform, even with the present platform. Had Scott been nominated without a Slavery platform, I think Seward, and many other leading Free Soilers, would have stood by to help his election—would have taken office had he succeeded, and I think his chance of success would not have been a bad one then. But now Mr. Seward stands out for a more distant day. He sees that Scott is a *compromise candidate*, conceded by the *fears* of the South; that his administration must be a compromise administration, and he that succeeds on that basis now is sure to be overtaken by political ruin at no distant day. He reserves his fire till he is nearer the mark! I think we may yet see him the candidate of a *great Northern Party* for the Presidency; see him elected.

Such is the aspect of the Political Anti-Slavery Party. It defeated the strongest pro-slavery section of the Whigs in their convention, defeated them or their candidate, sent the one thousand Hunkers of Boston home from Baltimore, in a rather melancholy state of mind. We shall soon see what it will do in its national convention at Pittsburgh, on the 11th of August.

Now a word on the *moral* division of the Anti-Slavery party. I use the word *moral* merely as opposed to *political*. It is a party not organized to get votes, but to kindle a Sentiment and diffuse an Idea. Its Sentiment is that of *universal philanthropy, specially directed towards the African race in America*. Its Idea is the *American Idea*, of which it has a quite distinct consciousness—*the Idea of the Declaration of Independence*. It does not limit itself by *constitutional*, but only by *moral* restrictions.

The functions of this party is to kindle the Sentiment and diffuse the Idea of Universal Freedom. It is about this work to-day. These four thousand faces before me at this moment are lit with this Idea; the other thousands beyond the reach of my voice are not without it. It will not be satisfied till there is not a slave in America—not a slave in the world.

This party is powerful by its Sentiments, its Ideas, and its eminent men; not yet by its numbers. Here is one indication of its power—the absolute hatred in which it is held by all the Hunkers of the land. How Mr. Webster speaks of this party; with the intense malignity of affected scorn. Men do not thus hate a mouse in the wall. Then the abuse which we receive from all the gnats and mosquitoes of the political penny press is a sign also of our power. There are Hunkers who know that our Ideas are just—that they will be triumphant; hence their hate of our Ideas, and their hate of us.

Well, gentlemen, the cause of freedom looks very auspicious to-day; it never looked better. Every apparent national triumph of Slavery is only a step to its defeat. The annexation of Texas, the Fugitive Slave Bill, are measures that ultimately will help the cause of freedom. At first, if a man is threatened with a fever, the doctor tries to 'throw it off.' It that is impossible, he *hastens the crisis*—knowing that the sooner that comes, the sooner will the man be well again. I think Gen. Pierce will hasten the crisis, when a Northern party shall get founded, with the American Idea for its motto. The recent action of Congress, the recent decisions of the Supreme Court, the recent action of the Executive, have *de facto* established this; *that Slavery in the States is subject to the control of the Federal Government*. True, they apply this only to the *Northern States*; but if the Federal Government can interfere with Slavery in Massachusetts, to the extent of kidnapping a man in Boston, and keeping him in durance by force of armed soldiers, then the principle is established, that the Federal Government may interfere with Slavery in South Carolina; and when we get the spirit of the North aroused, and the *numbers* of the North on the side of freedom, it will take but a whiff of breath to annihilate human bondage from the Delaware to the Sacramento.

Even the course of Politics is in our favour. The spirit of this Teutonic family of men is hostile to Slavery. We alone preserve what all the other tribes have cast off. We cannot keep it long. The Idea of America, the Ideas of Christianity, are against it. The spirit of the age is hostile—ay, the spirit of mankind and the nature of the infinite God!

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York*.

††† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York*.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1852

DIFFICULTIES WITH ENGLAND.

THE North-east storm promises to blow over without so much as the loss of a fishing-smack. Dispatches, it is stated authoritatively by a city paper, have been received from the Secretary of State, at the temporary seat of Government, Marshfield, containing assurances that the cod-fish difficulty will be promptly and satisfactorily settled. This intelligence comes through the *Courier and Enquirer*, Mr. Webster's New York organ. The same paper also declares that the British pretensions, as generally understood, are disclaimed, and that they really extend no farther than to that portion of the fishing grounds where British jurisdiction is undisputed.

If all this be true, and we could have no better authority, next to Mr. Webster himself, than Mr. Webster's organ, there would seem to be a history of this sudden threatening of a storm, underneath that which may be read in the newspapers. If the British have made no new pretensions, how did it happen that they were asserted, at this time, on their behalf? We know that the first intimation the public had of any apprehended difficulty came through Mr. Webster's Boston organ, the *Boston Courier*. It was stated, at the same time, that certain fishing vessels had been seized on the coast of Nova Scotia, and this intelligence corroborated the report of the new pretensions of Great Britain. But every body knows that it is no unusual thing for such vessels to be taken trespassing in forbidden waters, and, as yet, no evidence is forthcoming that that was not the case in this particular instance. Stock-brokers, and other sensitive persons, were frightened out of their propriety, for a day or two, by the report of a formidable British fleet rendezvousing on the North-east coast; but it is now said that there is no fleet there other than may be found any summer, at which season Halifax is made the station for the West India squadron. What does it all mean? Was there any real cause for alarm, or was there not? Perhaps the *Boston Courier* can tell; if that can not, Mr. Webster probably could tell if he chose; probably, also, he will not choose. If we know nothing more about it before, those of us who live long enough will, when the history of the secret politics of the year 1852 comes to be written. We must rest satisfied now with the fact that the danger—whether of a war with Great Britain, or that Mr. Webster would swim up the Potomac, like any other God, on a dolphin or a cod-fish—whatever it was, is now over.

The intelligence from the South is no less cheering than from the North. South Carolina has consented to withdraw from her hostile attitude towards Great Britain. Quattlebum has taken pity upon the embarrassing position of the British Ministry, and has released Manuel Pereira, the English sailor imprisoned at Charleston. Magnanimity is always a part of true greatness. South Carolina is willing to stretch a point in favour of Great Britain, partly, perhaps, out of consideration of her weakness, partly lest a rupture between them should involve the Federal Government in difficulty. There is no such condescension to a sister and, constitutionally, an equal State. The British seaman was released. The Massachusetts Commissioner is ordered to depart under penalty of being made a pendent to the nearest lamp-post. Brave Carolina!

HAYTI.—The merchants of this city, or a portion of them, have added their prayer to those of the brethren of the guild in Boston, asking Congress to recognise the independence of Hayti, that unrestricted commercial intercourse may be established between that Empire and this Republic. The petitions are referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations; and whether they will come up for action, this session, or whether, they should, they will be put off on the plea used so effectively in the case of Mr. Sumner's motion on the Fugitive Slave Law—want of time—is uncertain. The subject, however, is seized upon by Southern papers, as we knew and said it would be, as a bone of contention, and measure of agitation, and, when it comes up in Congress, will be denounced by Southern members as just as inevitably leading to Disunion as Mr. Seward's pious invocation of the "higher law," or Mr. Garrison's fanatic interpretation of the self-evident truth that all men are born free and equal. Without doubt, the gentlemen, here and in Boston, who ask so reasonable a thing for the development of their commercial interests will be surprised at this. They do not understand why Southern prejudice should not yield to Northern thrift; and having sent back Sims, and Long, and Preston, mobbed Geo. Thompson, and formed a Union Committee, all in the space of two or three years, in token of their fealty to the South, they are emboldened now to ask in return this small favour as a *cent. per cent.* acknowledgment of favours done. With the *Post*, probably, they would all say: "This is a commercial question purely. It originates with commercial men of various politics. It originates with the class to which the South are beholden for *all* their strength—we say deliberately—all their strength at the North on sectional questions." And so thinking, they look for a favourable response, or, if they permit themselves to contemplate the possibility of a refusal, may join with the threat of the *Post*: "Let the South, then, beware how they permit Slavery, or its hateful offspring of prejudices and antipathies, to obstruct the path of their most powerful allies. If they do, they will find the commercial interest as ready to turn and reward them as, two years ago, it was ready to be taxed for their defence."

But the surprise and the expectations of these gentlemen are as absurd as their threat would be empty. The recognition of Hayti has been asked again and again, and it has been refused as often, not because the Abolitionists prayed for it, but because it was asked for at all. It is the prayer itself, and not the petitioners, that the South objects to. It is the head of the Petition, and not the tale, that demands their consideration. The editor of the *Southern Press* delares that if the petition be granted, a negro minister will be polking with his wife and daughters at Washington. Would it be any consolation to the unhappy husband and father that this destruction of his domestic peace was effected by the signature of Robt. G. Shaw, and not by that of some of the Anti-Slavery relatives of that eminent merchant? If the institutions of the South must be destroyed, would she not as willingly submit to the fell work at the hands of a Jackson as at those of an Appleton? Does she care by what names those men are called who shall dissolve the Union? If her peace and well-being are invaded, will she stop to consider, for a moment, that the invaders are members of the Union Committee, or that they sent back Long or Sims to bondage? Long Wharf and South Street have a very imperfect understanding of their relation to their Southern customers if they flatter themselves with any such considerations as these.

Nor, should they be disposed to re-echo the threat of the *Post*, will they find it avail them anything. The South understands the game of brag, and knows her opponent's hand too well to be frightened at it. She may throw the petition back into the faces of those who make it, and reckon confidently on nine-tenths of them doing the first thing she commands, whether it be to return a runaway or choose a President. The *Post* itself is a case in point. She reckons with too much confidence on the experience of the past, to fear now the idle words of Northern merchants—if they are disposed to use them. Cotton is not yet a drug in the market, and the trade with Hayti is not all, or the most, that is cared for in Wall Street and State Street.

The *Post* volunteers its advice to the South; if it wants the recognition of Hayti, it had much better reserve its counsels for its Northern friends. If it will accept wisdom from such a quarter, *we* can tell it that the movement is hopeless, unless, as we said once before, the black minister can be dispensed with, and Faustin can be persuaded to be represented by a man at Washington whose colour will not always oblige him to have his free papers in his pocket. Let the South have her own way, and perhaps she may graciously allow the Northern merchants to have, not what they ask, but the little she is disposed to grant. If they ask too much, they will get nothing. If they begin with threats, they will end with tears.

GEORGE THOMPSON.

THE intelligence from England, during the past week, confirms the opinion we expressed, in the last *Standard*, that the question of Slavery had little or nothing to do with George Thompson's defeat, and that, though he lacked the requisite number of votes for an election, he is as popular with the PEOPLE of the Tower Hamlets, the majority of whom are not voters, as ever. *The* (London) *Freeholder*, it will be seen by the following article, attributes the result of the election to the defection of the Nonconformists, and hints at the way in which these independent electors were induced to give their support to men who are not representatives of the principles which those who have chosen them profess. *The* (London) *Inquirer*—the organ of the English Unitarians—we observe, rejoices that Mr. Thompson is not returned; but the *Inquirer* is a decided Anti-Slavery paper, so we are to look for the cause of its opposition to him in something else than his course on that question. What that is, we are left to conjecture, but the truth, we have no doubt, is that it was clearly understood that Mr. Thompson could not be used by any party for sectarian ends, while, at the same time, it was known that he was unswerving in his devotion to the great principles of his party, perhaps to such a degree as to alarm the more timid and conservative.

The following is the article of *The Freeholder* on the result of the election:

DISFRANCHISEMENT OF THE TOWER HAMLETS.

Not by judicial act, but by unparalleled self-debasement, is the largest borough constituency of the empire reduced to the rank of those decayed or vernal places, whose members represent in Parliament anything but the will of the inhabitants. Three gentlemen—Messrs. Thompson, Ayrton, and Newton—have been soliciting, these three months past, the suffrages of the men of the Tower Hamlets. The two former have held upwards of fifty meetings convened in the largest rooms obtainable, and, in several instances, in the open air. At these gatherings, after an exposion of their principles and intentions, they have received an almost invariably unanimous vote of adoption as representatives. Mr. Newton has done likewise, with a similar measure of success. They have certainly addressed, conjointly and separately, sixty or seventy thousand of the adult males of the borough, and only a fractional number of that vast multitude objected to their claims. Meanwhile, two other gentlemen—Sir William Clay and Mr. C. S. Butler—were pursuing a course directed to the same end, but remarkably unlike. They ventured two or three public meetings each; and no more. They were heard with respectful attention, questioned, and voted down by overwhelming majorities. So they took to holding public-house parlour assemblies, convened by circular, of gentlemen mutually acquainted, and of all politics but the democratic. On the day of nomination, an immense concourse of persons confirmed the representation we have given. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the supporters of Messrs. Thompson, Ayrton, and Newton, went to the others as a thousand to one. The next day, the gentlemen who had all this while kept at home, certainly shown themselves in the public-house parlours, went to the polling booths, from which five-sixths of the people were excluded. Many more were brought up by paid agents and parish officers. These all polled for Sir William and Mr. Butler. Some three thousand five hundred doing this, gave to each seven thousand votes. From five to six thousand other electors voted for the three candidates above named. The result is, that the intensely unpopular baronet, and utterly unknown esquire, are declared duly elected.

Participating in the profound grief and indignation displayed, on this account, in the Hamlets, on Thursday and Friday last—deeply regretting the personal injustice done to Mr. Thompson, and the loss which the Radical cause will sustain in his degradation—we are most concerned to point out the class of men by whom this result has been brought about, and its practical consequences. We are told by an organ of the victorious party, and we know from personal observation, that the majority over Mr Thompson is chiefly made up of "Nonconformist" votes. It is clear that three thousand electors have "ratted" from the principles on which they acted in 1847. No allegation of inconsistency on the part of Mr. Thompson is made by his most mendacious opponent. Nor will it do to say that personal dislike to him justifies the desertion. Professed Nonconformists and Radicals have voted *against* Anti-state-church and Universal Suffrage candidates, and *for* gentlemen who were neither—that is an indisputable fact, and it is a damning one. The leaders of the defection were undoubtedly at full liberty to prefer other candidates to those that were in the field, but not to vote against the opinions they profess. No one denies that Messrs. Thompson and Ayrton represented the sentiments of an immense preponderance of the people of the Tower Hamlets—yet they have been rejected by men who subscribe to the motto on the popular banners, "The franchise is a trust." In doing this, they have deeply sinned—but we believe they have sinned rather from petulance and snobbishness than in the deliberate intention to apostatize. Many of them we know feel humiliated by their victory. We hope they will seek and find an early place and opportunity of repentance.

To the five or six thousand electors who, in spite of the potent, though despicable influences brought to bear upon them, recorded their votes for the popular candidates, the thanks not only of their unenfranchised neighbours, but of their fellow-countrymen at large, is eminently due. They have rebuked slander, resisted corruption, vindicated public morality. At this moment, thousands of manly hearts—aye, and womanly hearts too—deeply grieved at the deposition of George Thompson from the position he had so well earned, are also deeply thankful to the supporters of a cause common to the unenfranchised of all England. But the men of the Hamlets have also a further duty to perform. A testimonial to their rejected representative, an inquiry into the enormous treating practised by one of the successful candidates, and electoral organization for future opportunities, are widely spoken of, and we doubt not will be vigorously prosecuted. It is intolerable that the half-million inhabitants of the Tower Hamlets, after such a representation as they have lately enjoyed, should continue as now, absolutely unrepresented.

'TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.'—The gentleman who writes us for a copy of this work is informed that, excepting that portion of it which appeared in the *Standard*, it has not been published in English.

BURNING OF THE HENRY CLAY.

THE terrible event—accident it cannot be called—which occurred on the Hudson river, on Wednesday of last week, is, by this time, known to most of our readers. The daily papers, for a week past, have filled their columns with the appalling descriptions of the scene given by passengers on board the ill-fated steamer, with the evidence that has been given before the Coroner's Jury, and with the many incidents, collected by reporters, of heroism on the part of many in saving the lives of their fellow-passengers, and of the heart-rending distress of bereaved friends and relatives, who have been seeking, at the place of the disaster, the mangled and defaced remains of those who had been so recklessly murdered. Those who desire to see such details must look for them in the daily papers, as our paper is hardly large enough to contain them all, even if it were given up to them altogether. We compile, however, from various sources, a statement of the principal facts.

The Henry Clay left Albany at 7 o'clock on Wednesday morning, having on board, as near as can be ascertained, some 300 passengers. The Armenia left the same place a few minutes afterward. On the passage down the river, there was, as witnesses testify, a continuous strife or race between the two boats. At one time, the Clay crowded the Armenia almost upon the western shore, and forced her to drop astern, &c. The passengers on board the H. C. finally became greatly alarmed on account of the racing, and some time before the fire a number of ladies were crying and running about the cabin, as if sensible that some catastrophe was impending. Some of the officers of the boat went among them, assured them that there was no danger, and tried to pacify them.

We are assured that the race had been so hotly contested that the boats had purposely missed some of their landings. The runners of the boats at the various landings appear to have been aware of the racing, since they were freely offering bets upon their favourites.

However, no accident or outrage occurred until a few minutes after the Henry Clay passed Yonkers, when it was discovered that the woodwork near the boilers and flues was on fire. The alarm spread, but the officers of the boat (judiciously, without doubt) told the passengers that there was no danger.

The pilot, however, saw that no time was to be lost, and headed the boat for the eastern shore. The river here is nearly two miles wide, and the boat in her regular course would have been a mile and a half from the east bank.

Before reaching the shore, the flames had spread so as almost to prevent communication between the fore and aft part of the boat.

At about three or quarter past three o'clock, the boat came ashore, lying at right angles with the river, and the bow driving up some twenty-five feet on dry land, and plunging with tremendous force into the railroad embankment which is there some six or eight feet high.

The shock overthrew the smokepipe, displaced everything moveable, and added not a little to the spreading of the flames. While the bow was high and dry, the greater portion of the boat, and unfortunately that which held nearly all the passengers, was in deep water.

The passengers immediately began to jump overboard. Those on the bow got off safely, and began to help the others. A board fence, near by, was instantly stripped, and the boards thrown into the water. By great exertion, a large majority of the passengers got ashore, some scorched, nearly all with loss of clothes, trunks, &c.

But the rapid spread of the fire, which forced the passengers at the stern overboard, was the cause of the loss of a large number of lives.

The scene was one of the most terrible character. Mothers, with their clothes in flames, trying to save some dear child; children struggling in the waves without a hand to help them; husbands and wives drowning together rather than separate, and the remorseless fire rapidly destroying the last standing-place of the hopeless victims.

There were very few houses in the neighbourhood, and very little help could be had from the shore. But all who knew of it hastened to lend their aid.

On Thursday, a meeting of the passengers was held, at the Astor House, at which statements were made by various passengers, which we give below:

Capt. G. F. Barnard said he was informed by a gentleman at his left, who was on board the Henry Clay at the time of the disaster, *that he saw them feeding with tar*. It is important for us to ascertain this fact, by bringing up the firemen of the boat, and compelling them to testify.

The Chairman said we could not do this as citizens; it must be done by judicial process.

Capt. Barnard said the same gentleman asserted that the Henry Clay took fire about a week ago, and that the flames were extinguished with the utmost difficulty.

Mr. Van Dyck, of Philadelphia, moved the appointment of a Committee of five, to draft Resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting, and also with a view to embody some suggestions as to the proper course of conduct to be pursued. Carried.

The Chairman appointed, as such Committte, Mr. Van Dyck, of Philadelphia; Mr. E. S. Phillips, of New York; Capt. Barnard, of New York; Capt. Dean, of Pittsburg; and Mr. John H. Gourlay, of New York.

The Committee retired to deliberate.

Mr. Bergh, one of the Secretaries, said he was a passenger on board the ill-fated vessel, and had a remark or two to make. He was one of those who had to mourn a death. Many helpless women and children were crowded together in the after-part of the boat, to whom it was impossible to render the aid they required. He was severe upon the officers of the boat for their criminal negligence. He had no hope of any punishment being awarded to the authors of the calamity by course of law, especially from our authorities. They have too much to do with politics. The indignant voice of the public is our only hope to make a remedy. It is to be heard through the Press. He therefore called upon the Editors of respectable journals to come out boldly, and to ascertain and publish the names of such parties, or owners of such vessels, as are known to be in the habit of trifling with the lives of their passengers by practices such as that which produced the melancholy event of yesterday. He requested that this might be done in order that the travelling public may plainly understand the peril they run in patronising such conveyances.

These remarks were greeted with great applause.

A gentleman who was on board the Armenia gave a detailed account of the race between the two boats. His account confirmed the story already related. The successful attempt of the Clay to head off the Armenia near Catskill, compelling her to take the stream to starboard of her.

The speaker came on board the Armenia at Kingston. The Armenia landed first at that point. The Clay was immediately behind her. The Armenia had proceeded about half a mile when the Clay left the dock. The Armenia stopped at another landing [a Voice: Bristol]. Bristol, I believe, two or three miles from Kingston. The Armenia stopped, and the Clay did not. The vessels approached, the Clay threw out her guards, and pressed towards the shore. [The speaker here proceeding to speak in rather complimentary terms of the officers of the Armenia, he was interrupted by Capt. Barnard, who deemed the officers of that vessel equally guilty with those of the Henry Clay. Some friendly sparring took place, but the first speaker did not urge the point.]

Mr. T. Ridder, of New York, was a passenger on the Henry Clay. He was instrumental in saving several ladies, among whom was his daughter. He said he had travelled much on the Hudson, had been acquainted with it for thirty or forty years, and had seen several occurrences of a melancholy character, both on that River, on the Eastern Rivers and on the Lakes, and did not allow himself to be easily alarmed. The Henry Clay left Albany on Wednesday morning, some minutes previous to the time of leaving of the Armenia, and made her first landing at Hudson. The Armenia ran through the Western channel, passed on, and landed at Catskill. Between Catskill and Bristol, the Clay came into her suction, and they locked together. The Clay afterwards obliqued towards the eastern shore, and when she neared the shore, the pilot found it absolutely necessary to sheer away, and shove the Armenia off. The Clay moved on five or six miles ahead, when the fire took place. The speaker first perceived an uncommon odour, and on looking down the ventilator on the starboard side of the boat, saw that the vessel must be on fire. Going forward, he intimated this fact to the Pilot, or Assistant Pilot, and at this moment some person near him, probably overhearing what was said, raised the cry of "Fire." The boat was then going at the rate of about fifteen miles per hour. Mr. Ridder returned aft to the place where he had left his daughter, and found her, with her veil drawn over her face, nearly suffocated with the smoke. Taking her, with another young lady, upon the outside guard of the boat, he stood there until it became necessary to leap into the water, which he did, and succeeded in reaching the land with his burden in safety. He returned to the vessel, and succeeded in rescuing three other ladies; attempted to go on board through the gangway, but could not, and was finally compelled to retire. He first managed to throw off several trunks, probably twenty, and among them some of his own. In giving his opinion of the causes of the calamity, Mr. Ridder cast much blame upon the officers—first, for fireing up to such a dangerous extent; secondly, for continuing to run the boat in her then condition after remonstrance; and, thirdly, that there were *no fire-buckets* on board to extinguish the flames; which he thinks might readily have been done had the buckets been there.

Mr. Pierson A. Spinning, of Cincinnati, remarked that great alarm was created among the Clay's passengers, early in the day, in consequence of the race.

Mr. E. O. Perrine, Attorney General of Tennessee, and one of the Secretaries of the meeting, denounced in severe terms the criminal negligence of the officers of the boats. He was a Western man, accustomed to Western navigation, and had witnessed many scenes of a similar character, although at the West they assumed no such general importance. To endeavour to obtain justice toward the authors of such calamities was idle. Fear, favour or money had always secured them immunity from punishment. Mr. Perrine cited the case of the steamer *Martha Washington*, which burst her boilers and was burned on the Western waters, a few months since. The engineer of that vessel remonstrated with the captain against racing the boat. His answer was, "To make the boat make her point," by a certain time, "if she blew herself to h—ll." This was the spirit which actuated such parties in matters of this character. Mr. Perrine denounced the tardiness of legal justice, and invoked the aid of the public voice, to prevent the constant recurrence of such scenes.

The following resolutions were adopted by the meeting:

1. To express our heartfelt thanks in this public manner to an all-wise Providence for *our* preservation, and that of *our* families, amid the scenes of so much danger and death—whilst so many, each of whose lives were of much value, have met, under the most painful circumstances, an untimely end.

2. To express our deepest sympathies for those who were lost, and for their families in their distress.

3. To express our disapprobation in the most unqualified terms of the apparent recklessness of human life, in the system of racing practised by steamboats generally.

4. To adopt such measures as will secure us from pecuniary loss, and if possible to bring the offenders to punishment, and to protect the travelling public from such like occurrences, so far as our influence and action may extend.

Whereas, This meeting is credibly informed by one of the passengers, that he assisted in extinguishing a fire on board previous to the disaster at Yonkers.

Resolved, That in any investigation which may be made into the cause of this calamity, inquiry should be particularly directed as to whether the steamboat had not been on fire during a previous, if not the greater portion of the passage from Albany, and whether, after the fire had been broken out, the boat was headed towards the shore as speedily as the circumstances permitted and called for, and with such skill and discretion as a prompt regard for the safety of the passengers demanded.

Resolved, That this Committee have seen in the *Herald* a statement, on the part of Capt. Tallman, that the boats were not racing—this the Committee do most unqualifiedly deny. The Committee, who were on board, witnessed that the Henry Clay and the Armenia had been racing from the moment of their leaving Albany until the time of the disaster.

Resolved, That inasmuch as many of the sufferers and members of this meeting are non-residents of this City, that they respectfully request the public authorities to see that this matter is the subject of the strictest scrutiny.

It is recommended that all parties who have suffered loss, present their claims, duly attested, to counsel in the matter, in order that he may proceed to the recovery of the same; and also that we request counsel to consult with the District Attorney as to the propriety of pressing a criminal suit against the officers and owners; and that all parties who know anything of the facts in reference to the cause of the accident make them known without delay to counsel.

We copy also the evidence of one or two of the witnesses before the Coroners' Jury, in order to set all the facts still more clearly before our readers.

John L. Thompson, of Lancaster County, Pa., sworn: Identified the body of Mary Thompson; I live in the city of Lancaster; I am District Attorney of Lancaster County; I recognise the body of Mary, my daughter; she was ten years of age; myself, wife, three children and nurse left New York on the Francis Skiddy yesterday morning; one child, Eugene, was six weeks old, one eight years old, and the other three; we went to Newburg, remained an hour, and took the Henry Clay; I noticed nothing unusual in the speed of the boat; she was crowded; I should think over 500 people; we took dinner between 1 and 2 o'clock; I then came on deck, and passing the engineer's room, remarked to him, "I suppose you have a good head of steam on;" he made no reply, but looked very cross; I then said, "I hope you will not blow us all out of the water;" he replied, "I care as much for my own life as anybody;" I turned away replying, "I trust in God you do." I spoke so, because the boat appeared to be going under a heavy strain, and I thought there was no necessity for it, as the Armenia was not in sight. This was when we were near West Point. I did not see the Armenia, but heard by the ticket-sellers at Newburg, that there was great strife between the boats, and when they came in sight at Newburg, they cheered for "Harry of the West." The tickets were selling at one shilling. When the Armenia was found to be behind, those selling her tickets offered them for sixpence. The Armenia was about ten minutes behind. I saw no indications that the boats had been racing. I spoke to one of the hands, telling him I heard there had been racing, and he replied that the Henry Clay never raced. I know nothing of the origin of the fire. At the time myself, my wife and two children were on the east guard of the boat near the ladies cabin. The nurse first cried out, "My God, the boat is in on fire!" I looked forward, and seeing the smoke, said,—"Pooh! it is but the dinner cooking." Then, there was a simultaneous movement and a general cry that the boat was on fire. The consternation was terrific; and myself and several gentlemen endeavoured to keep good order: I think at that time some one connected with the boat directed us to keep on the stern, as the fire was in the centre of the boat. That was the fatal mistake. In consequence of that advice, I and my family went as far aft as we could get. The boat had then turned, and the smoke was so dense, that the nurse thought that the child was stifling. When the boat struck, we went back to where we were; passed the cabin to the south side of the boat. We reached there together.—but I then lost sight of my children, John and Mary; had we at first been directed to go forward, all, no doubt, would have been saved; there was then no smoke to prevent our doing so; I do not know who gave the direction to go aft; it seemed to be an official order, and was promptly obeyed; no notice was given; we were standing together, when I heard Mary shriek, "Help me, father, or we shall drown;" I tried to get near her, and while doing so the clothes of the nurse took fire; I turned to look for my wife, and imagined that she had jumped overboard; from that time I entirely lost sight of the boy; neither did I see Mary after that shriek; I jumped over, sunk and rose to the surface; I thought I recognized my wife, who was sinking up and down; I seized her by the hair, and said, "Don't give out; I come to rescue you; catch me around the waist;" but she caught me around the neck, and we were sinking; I called to her to change her grasp, and she did so. When I turned I saw nothing more of her. I then got hold of the braces, and finally struck out and got about four yards off, when a large colored woman caught me around the neck, and another around the waist. I screamed out, "We are all drowning," and asked them to let me go; but they held on, and I dived under, and when I rose I saw nothing of them. I was exhausted, and finding I could not reach the shore, I went back to the boat. I was tired out, and at last I thought I must let go and prepare for death. I was caught by the hair by some sailor, and I knew nothing more until I found myself on the beach. My wife was lost, my child Mary was lost, and myself, boy John, and servant were saved.

Samuel W. D. Lyon was called and testified as follows: I reside in Durham, Greene county, New York; Wm. M. Ray was my son-in-law; he married my daughter; they resided in Cincinnati, Ohio; I was on board of the boat with them; Mrs. Ray was 30 years of age in October last; Mr. Ray was 35 years of age, the daughter six years; one son of Mr. Ray was with him, and I saved him; he is about seven years old; the deceased got on board at Catskill; I was with them.

Question—Did you notice anything in the conduct of the officers of the boat?

Answer—I did, after he got on board; we started off at full speed, and there was a great strife to reach the next landing first. The Armenia was ahead at Catskill. The passengers were hurried on board by the runners. I think the boats did not let off any steam at Catskill. I heard the hands observe the Clay would make Kingston point first. They appeared to be striving to get ahead of the Armenia. I am acquainted with Capt. Tallman. I asked for him, and was told he was sick in his berth. I did not see him. I went around the boat several times. Some of the hands remarked they had not hands enough on board of the Armenia to beat the Clay. They run the Bristol landings, and before reaching the point the boats neared together. I saw a man come back of the wheel-house with a fender, which he threw over the wheel-house. The Henry Clay was on the outside, and they raked each other hard, and ran so some distance. The Armenia was nearest to the shore. I think the inside wheel of the Armenia must have struck the bottom, as both boats stopped. The Clay started ahead, when the steamers came together. There was no escape of steam from either. At this time there was intense excitement among the passengers, and one lady fainted.

They were all opposed to the racing, and one man said the officers should be indicted: the acting captain came up and ordered the passengers to go on the other side of the boat; some one complained to him of the racing, but received no reply; after we left Kingston Point the Clay was far ahead of the Armenia, and I did not notice any further racing; all was quiet on board after leaving Kingston; when we got near the Forest House, my family came rushing to me on the upper deck, and said that the boat was on fire; I told my daughter not to be alarmed, and I would go and see about it; when I got forward, some one of the hands said, "Don't be frightened—it is all out;" before I returned to my family, the middle of the boat was all on fire; the flames were issuing from the cabin; I thought the fire came from the engine-room; when I first saw the fire, we could have all got on the forward deck; in the space of a minute all communication was cut off from forward to aft; the Clay, I think, ran a mile down the river before turning; after she turned to go on shore, no person could have gone forward; the fire burst out of the cabin window; I said to my family, "We shall all perish;" my daughter said, "Father, you can swim, you better save yourself;" I jumped over, and after coming up I took the boy and put for the shore; I think there were three or four hundred passengers on board the Clay; the fare from Catskill to New York was twenty-five cents.

The *National Democrat* gives this as a statement of a Western steamboat captain, who was a passenger on the Henry Clay:

One of our informants—a man of much apparent coolness and candour—who was a passenger on board the Henry Clay, gave us the following recital. We believe that he is now stopping at the American Hotel, and will cheerfully give his testimony whenever called for. Said he:

"I went on board at Albany, with my wife and two of her female friends, who were entrusted to my care. I am a steamboat captain myself, and one of the proprietors of a line of boats on the Ohio. I am a resident of Cincinnati, and this is the first time I ever saw the Hudson River. Now, on West, we use the high-pressure engine, and I am perfectly acquainted with its construction and operation, but these condensing machines I know but little about, practically. I have seen boats blown up on the Ohio and Mississippi, and have witnessed much suffering and distress in consequence—but, sir, never, NEVER, NEVER did I, in all my life, witness so much of suffering, and agony, and despair, and death, as I did on board that cursed North River steamer in the short space of 20 minutes!

"It was murder! absolute, deliberate murder, on the part of those who had control of the boat, all the way from Albany until the final tragedy was consummated!"

"Did they race?"

"Race? why the scoundrels raced all the way! I liked it well enough at first; but after the collision above Kingston, the ladies became nervous. Some fainted, some cried, and seeing the affair becoming serious, I appealed to the acting captain to stop the strife. He took no notice at all of what I said, and then I went to the engineer's enclosure to ascertain the heighth of steam."

"Did he tell you?"

"He told me to mind my own business. There were two steam quays, but no man, save, perhaps, the engineer himself, could have ascertained what number of inches they indicated. I did not like the appearances. The leak steam from the joinings smelt hot and queer, such as we sometimes get West, with a very strong fire, under a pressure of four hundred pounds. Seats were scarce; the boat was full; my wife and myself sat down on stools, opposite the engineer's railing, and she first called my attention to the smoke coming up from the deck below, near where the engineer stood. Just at that instant, something like cotton or oakum seemed to be blown upward. It was smoking, but one of the hands on board quickly seized it, and rolling it up, threw it away. I sprang forward to the gratings, and saw that the whole area below, as far as I could observe, was one mass of flames, and as I was looking, the blaze burned up through the aperture, and in a minute or two the main deck, amidships, was on fire.

The boat at that time was headed down river, and seeing some person who was pointed out as acting Captain, I advised him to run her ashore. I got no satisfactory answer; and then—as the fire was roaring below and bursting up through every aperture with a blinding, stifling smoke, which pervaded the whole boat—I began to think of providing for the safety of my wife and her two lady companions. As soon as possible, I got them all forward; and, meanwhile, my black boy got four of our five trunks from the baggage rooms. He also succeeded in saving the fifth, but not until the top was burned off!

"We all took a jump over the bows into the gravel, thankful to escape any how from the burning wreck.

"I know what it is to 'fire up,' both with wood and coal. I have used *tar* myself on the Western rivers, and I should think that *tar*, or some similar combustible, was used on the Henry Clay, immediately previous to the accident. There is no doubt they were racing. I was told so; everybody knew it. But I have no doubt that the rapidity with which the flames spread was owing, in a great measure, to the intense heat around the boilers, and the fact of their feeding the furnaces with some other substance but anthracite."

He further states that he saw several children with their clothes on fire, on the stern of the boat, and has no doubt that large numbers of them perished in the flames, together with several females who fainted in the saloon when the fact of the fire became so terribly real.

Below is a list of the names of those whose bodies have been found and recognised.

1. Hillman, Miss Elizabeth, of Troy, N. Y., aged 68
2. Colby, Mrs. Harriet E., Montpelier, Vt., aged 32
3. Barcroft, Mrs. Amelia, of Philadelphia, aged 55.
4. Fennell, Mrs. Owen, of New-Hanover Co., N. C. (Mr. Fennell, erroneously reported dead, was saved.)
5. Dennison, Sarah, of West Farms, Westchester County.
6. Cooper, Miss Mary, of same place.
7. Simons, John K., son of John W. Simons, of No 67 Eldridge st., New York, and
8. Shankey, Elizabeth, his nurse.
9. Marcher, George K., of 345, Broadway, N. Y.
10. Hanford, Joan B. M., aged 17 months, daughter of the late Cyrus Hanford of 215 West Twentieth-st., New York.
11. Robinson, Mrs. Mary Ann, wife of Anthony Robinson, of No 60 Perry-st., New York.
12. Isabella, their infant daughter.
13. Crannel, Mathew, aged 13 months, son of Mathew Crannel, of No. 150 Hudson-st., Albany.
14. Hosier, John, of No. 214 Wooster-st., N. Y.
15. Bailey, Mrs. Maria, wife of Prof Jacob W. Bailey, of West Point.
16. Bailey, Maria, daughter of the above.
17. Thompson, Mary, and
18. Thompson, Eugene, daughter and infant son of John L. Thompson, of Lancaster Co., Pa
19. Ray, W. M., of Cincinnati, Ohio.
20. Ray, Abby Ann, wife.
21. Ray, Caroline, daughter of the above.
22. Chattillon, Margaret, wife of John Chattillon, No. 184 Cherry-st., New York.
23. Thielman, George, of Poughkeepsie, brother of the above.
24. Chatillon, Katarina, aged 3 years, daughter of the above.
25. Sands, R. A., aged 9 months, son of Isaac D. Sands, Stanton-st., N. Y., carman.
26. Johnson, Charlotte, (coloured,) of Poughkeepsie.
27. Murray, Jane, aged 30, wife of Adam Murray, of Chicago.
28. Murray, John, aged one year and a few days, son of the above.
29. Hill, Christopher Benjamin, aged 13, (colored,) servant in the cook's galley, on board.
30. Whitlock, G. F., No. 96 Allen-st, New York.
31. Whitlock, Mrs., wife of the above.
32. Hoy, Miss Julia, Newburgh, N. Y.
33. Pearsall, Elizabeth, aged 15, step-daughter to D. Tilton, of East Brooklyn.
34. Downing, A. J., aged 37, horticulturist, New

Communications.

LETTER FROM S. J. MAY.

ON BOARD STEAMBOAT, Thames River, C. W., July 24, 1852.

Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard.

DEAR FRIEND: The reason why I did not send you, last week, the second chapter of my memoir of Miss Crandall and the Canterbury School was, that I left home for an excursion into Canada West, to visit some of the settlements of our fugitive countrymen.

I reached Detroit last Saturday afternoon, having had a delightful trip over Lake Erie, in the noble steamer Mayflower.

On Monday last, I spent the greater part of the day in Windsor, opposite Detroit, with Henry Bibb and his wife, and in visiting, under the conduct of Mrs. Bibb, the families of the fugitives who have found an asylum in that town.

The office of Mr. Bibb's paper, the *Voice of the Fugitive*, is but a few rods from the landing of the ferry-boat from Detroit, so that he is wont to be called upon by those who cross there to escape from the tyranny of our Republic, or to look after those who have fled. He informed me that the arrivals of fugitives would average more than two a day. The object of his paper is to inform those who would emigrate to these dominions of the British Queen of what they most need to know, and to give those who have removed hither such counsels and items of intelligence as will be useful to them. I was happy to learn from him that the number of his subscribers is increasing, although not yet sufficient to pay the expenses of his publication, and give him the means of living.

On Tuesday, I went over again, and, with Mrs. Bibb as my guide, rode to Sandwich, two or three miles down the river, and visited a dozen or more of the families of the fugitives. There are in those two towns somewhat more than two hundred families of coloured persons—nearly all of them escaped from Slavery, and many since the Act of September, 1850. I visited on Monday and Tuesday more than twenty families. Some of them I found in very comfortable circumstances—three in squalid poverty. Of these last, one was the family of a drunkard; the other two were women with children, recently escaped. But all were hopeful. I found none who thought their present condition so bad as that they had fled from. One woman, who seemed to be hoeing a very hard row, said to me, with great emphasis, "Ah, master, I don't get much here, and I don't get that easy; but then when I have got anything, it is mine. Not so at the South. There, let me work as hard as I could, and earn ever so much, it was all my master's." And this leads me to say that almost all I have met in Canada seem to have fled from our country, not because they had been cruelly treated in their persons, whipped, starved, or poorly clad, but because they longed for freedom, and still more because they could not bear to see their children growing up slaves.

Both in Windsor and Sandwich, most of the coloured people assured me they obtained employment enough, at good wages. The terminus of the Railroad from Niagara to Detroit is to be in Windsor, and all the men who please can get work upon this road, and earn a dollar or ten shillings a day.

Mr. Bibb and his wife informed me that there are many coloured men in the vicinity of Sandwich, Malden and Colchester, who own good farms and are men of substance.

It seemed to be the general opinion of those with whom I conversed, that there was little good done by the quantities of food and clothing that have been sent into Canada. The almoners of such bounties have found it difficult to discriminate. They are aware of having been often imposed upon, and fear that the spirit of self-dependence has not been promoted by such distributions. If the friends of the fugitives would see that they left the States with enough of suitable clothing, almost immediately on their arrival in Canada they would find employment sufficient to yield them a comfortable support—in winter, chopping wood, of which there is any quantity at 75 cents a day; and in summer, farming or ditching, or railroad making at $1 or $1.25 a day.

At 5 o'clock Tuesday, P. M., I set out, with a most agreeable party, from Detroit for Ann Arbor, where is the State University, to attend the exercises of Commencement. That same evening, U. T. Howe, Esq., of Detroit, delivered a manly address to the Literary Societies of the College, "on the obligations of educated men in our country at this day." In the course of it, he spoke as emphatically against Slavery, and uttered as strong a condemnation of the Fugitive Slave Law, as I should wish to hear. The next day, nine young men were graduated. Each of them delivered an oration fifteen or twenty minutes in length; and in four of the nine speeches, there were passages of more or less power against the crying sin of our nation. These young men were from four different States. Their orations were excellently well written, and delivered much better than such college exercises usually are. The general character of their performances, I thought, augured well for humanity; but, before leaving Ann Arbor, I heard a word which forced me to the conclusion that the guardians of this institution do not intend that Anti-Slavery heresy should spread there. A "nice" young man at the Depot told me that there had been too much inclination in the University to the Higher Law doctrines, and that the Regents had, that afternoon, elected to the Presidency the Rev. Dr. Adams, of New York City, one of the gentlemen, I suppose, who wrote and preached one of the memorable sermons, in favour of the lower law, that were published and widely distributed by the Union Safety Committee.

I got back to Detroit on Wednesday evening, in time to attend a meeting of the coloured people of this city, in one of their churches. Fifty or sixty were present, and they responded intelligently and heartily to those sentiments which I wished them particularly to approve. After my address, two or three coloured men made statements respecting the condition and prospects of their class in this city and vicinity. These are altogether better than I supposed. I, therefore, requested them to prepare for me, carefully, in writing, the substance of the information they had given me orally.

My next letter will give you an account of my visit to Chatham and the Elgin Settlement in Buxton, from which I am now returning. Rev. Wm. King, the Patriarch of that people is indeed a remarkable man, and seems to me to be working most judiciously to the best purposes.

Yours truly,
SAMUEL J. MAY.

AN INSTRUCTIVE LESSON.

[For the Standard.]

By the following extract from the *Star of the West*, written by Elias, Boudinot, L. L. D., it will be perceived that the aboriginal Americans have offered their civilized brethren a most beautiful and instructive lesson on Slavery. It is too mortifying a fact to make many observations on, for, when we consider that the obligations of religious duty and brotherly love enjoin the civilization and advancement of our heathen neighbours at home, why should we leave them in distress and send our missionaries into a howling wilderness to civilize the wild sons of the forest? Surely, they have not as much claim to our sympathy as the poor, oppressed African, who is daily suffering within our borders, and that, too, by the very hand which ought to be the very first to lead him up to the temple of knowledge:

"The writer of these sheets, many years ago, was one of the corresponding members of a Society in Scotland for promoting the Gospel among the Indians. To further the work, they educated two young men of very serious and religious dispositions, and who were desirous of undertaking the mission for that purpose. When they were ordained and ready to depart, we wrote a letter, in the Indian style, to the Delaware Nation, informing them that we had, by the goodness of the Great Spirit, been favoured with the knowledge of His will, as to the worship he required of His creatures, and the means He would bless to promote the happiness of man both in *this* life and that which is *to come*—that thus, enjoying so much happiness ourselves, we could not but think of our red brethren in the wilderness, and wish to communicate the glad tidings to them, that they might be partakers with us. We had, therefore, sent them two ministers of the Gospel, who would teach them these great things, and earnestly recommend them to their careful attention. With proper passports, the missionaries set off and arrived in safety in one of their principal towns. The chiefs of the Nation were called together, who answered them that they would take it into consideration, and in the mean time they might instruct their women, but they should not speak to the men. They spent fourteen days in council, and then one of them came very courteously with *an answer* to us. Their answer made great acknowledgments for the favour we had done them. They rejoiced exceedingly at our happiness and being thus favoured by the Great Spirit, and felt very grateful that we had condescended to remember our red brethren of the wilderness, but they could not help remembering that *we had a people* AMONG *us* who, *because they differed from us in colour*, we had *made* SLAVES of, and made them suffer great hardships and lead miserable lives. Now, they could not see any reason why a people being *black* entitled us thus to deal with them—why a *red* colour should not equally justify the *same treatment*. They, therefore, had determined to wait to see whether all the black people among us were made thus happy and joyful before they could put any confidence in our promises, for they thought a people who had suffered so much and so long by our means should be entitled to our first attention—that, therefore, they had sent back the two ministers, with many thanks, promising that when they saw the *black* people among us restored to freedom and happiness, they would gladly receive our ministers.

"ELIAS BOUDINOT, L. L. D."

In the year 1832, Elias Boudinot (a learned Cherokee Indian, educated at Yale College) and John Ridge, Sr., formerly a practising attorney among the Cherokees, and at one time President of the Senate of that nation, visited New York, Boston, and other cities, and addressed several meetings on behalf of their nation. Mr. Ridge was very eloquent. His father—called in his own nation and elsewhere Major Ridge—was a distinguished chief in the Cherokee Nation. His son John was educated at Cornwall School in Connecticut, where he married a respectable white lady. She accompanied him back to his tribe, and is now (1839) with her children, west of the Mississippi, at the residence of her late husband.—(Condensed from the *Poughkeepsie Casket*, 1839, p. 66.) D. H. W.

THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

TO-DAY is Sunday, but, ah, it is not the FIRST OF AUGUST. The people have gone to church, but they have not emancipated the slaves. And those who have remained at home, or have gone out only to amuse themselves, these have not set the captives free any more than the church-goers. All, all, have turned away from the only work befitting the day—one of the most glorious in Earth's calendar. And so, to this country, it is not the First of August; the name is a misnomer; we have no such day. They have in the West Indies, and throughout Britain, but no such thing is known in America. No glad shout goes up to-day to heaven—no voice of joy reverberates through the land, drowning the roar of the ocean and the thunder of the sky with the echoes, "We are free, we are free!" but instead, is heard the long, long, everlasting wail of 3,000,000 of bondmen! O the more than mortal agony which will be endured by a nation of slaves this very day, and Sunday at that! God and man, give them a First of August!

O, ye who oppress God's poor—slave-owners South, and slaveholders North, meeting-goers, church members, ministers, titled heads—but no, it will do no good to speak to you; ye are careful not to read what we say. But, could I gain the ears of these to-day, I would simply bid them—"Listen! Hear not me, but hear that voice, that wail of the slave! Have ye not hear d it long enough? Years, and years, and years, even while seven generations of men have passed on, has that voice, sad, horrible, and heart-breaking, floated out over the fair fields of America! How long, O how yet longer, will ye delight to listen to this cry of your suffering brother? Awake, unite, come to the rescuing, strike off the fetters, let these go!"

God and man, give the slave a First of August!

Friend, JOSEPH TREAT.

Hartford, Aug. 1.

P. S.—I see I am challenged by Pixley (in the last *Standard*) to clear myself from the charge of Infidelity No, brother Abolitionist, that is not the question. It is not whether what I have written is infidel, nor whether it is Old School or New School in Theology, but is it truth? I am well aware that almost all the readers of the *Standard* agree with friend Pixley, that it is not. That is not proof of the fact, however. I think we have all been mistaken, and that we shall yet all alter our minds on the subject, and that we must do so before we can peaceably abolish Slavery.

Friend Pixley wants to try my doctrine—that circumstances, including birth, education and situation, determine a man's character and conduct—by its tendency. Right; just what I want. But I say its tendency is good, and in favour of freedom, though it may require a few minutes' thinking to see it. Yes, when we have investigated the subject, I think we shall all come to see that the right—the only right—way, the only possible way, to reform men is to give them better circumstances, more favourable conditions, or (which is the same thing) to surround them, not only from, but before their birth, with higher and holier influences.

Friend Pixley says that if my doctrine is true, Wm. Lloyd Garrison would have done precisely what, and as, Daniel Webster has, if he had always been placed in exactly the same circumstances. Of course he would. I take it, that is absolutely self-evident. I acknowledge it to be true in my own case, and equally is it in that of every other man. Like parentage, organization, education, and situation, most infallibly work out like results. And that is the very reason why we ought not to denounce slave-owners, but only their crimes, because, if we had been in their place, we should have done the same things ourselves. So, instead of blaming them, let us pity and help them.

I was sorry to see anything in friend Pixley's article looking in the direction of Capital Punishment, and the continuance of our savage penal code. Is that the tendency of his doctrine?

O no! let us be kind to our erring brother, even if he be a slave-owner or a slaveholder. Let us pity him that he has been so born and influenced, and not harshly censure and fiercely denounce. Let us love, and help, and bless. Let us try to make him a better, happier man. J. T.

THE LATE A. J. DOWNING.—Among the victims by the destruction of the Henry Clay (the *New York Tribune* remarks), there is none whom the country could so ill afford to lose, or whose services to the community can so little be replaced, as Mr. Downing, of Newburg. A man of genius and high culture, thoroughly disciplined in his profession by long-study and observation in Europe, with taste refined and judgment true enough to feel the deficiencies and to know the needs of our domestic, and especially of our rural, architecture; still in the prime of life, and exercising a wide influence by his practical labours, as well as by his writings—he is snatched form a sphere of high and beautiful utility; and a successor we cannot hope to find. What Mr. Downing had done and was doing to improve the fashion of our dwellings hardly surpassed in value his contributions, theoretical and practical, to the kindred art of landscape gardening. Under his directing hand, the grounds of the Capitol and Smithsonian Institution at Washington were being transformed into models of beauty in their kind; and the grounds about many private mansions also bear testimony to the same taste, the same sense of beauty and fitness. As a writer, Mr. Downing was remarkable for a mixture of strong sense, thorough understanding of his subject, and genial originality. The cessation of his monthly essays in the Horticulturist will leave a permanent blank in the literatare of the domestic arts. While he drew his materials from the most varied culture, he was always, and in the most frank and manly way, an American. His chief aim was to refine the taste and elevate the social life and habits of his countrymen to something like the ideal proper to freemen. An artist, a scholar, and a gentleman, we deplore his untimely loss; and a wide circle of acquaintances, who with us recall his eminent social as well as public qualities, will join with us in this tribute to his memory.

——THE SLAVE TRADE.—The ship Edward, from Calcutta, arrived at Boston, brings St. Helena papers to June 14. H. B. M. steamer Niger touched at St. Helena on her way home from the Coast of Africa. Her officers report that no slavers have lately been captured on the Coast, and that the Slave trade appeared at last to be effectually checked.

——THE Postmaster-General has directed that documents and speeches may be franked separately, and, when tied in bundles, that the direction on the outer bundle alone shall be required.

Congressional.

FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

ON Thursday, the 27th ulto., Mr. Sumner offered in the U. S. Senate, a resolution on the Fugitive Slave Law, as follows:

Mr. SUMNER. Mr. President, I have a resolution which I desire to offer; and I wish, also, to give notice that I shall expect to call it up at as early a day as possible, during the morning hour, when I shall throw myself upon the indulgence of the Senate to be heard upon it.

The resolution was then read as follows:

Resolved, That the Committee on the Judiciary be requested to consider the expediency of reporting a bill for the immediate repeal of the act of Congress, approved September 18, 1850, usually known as the fugitive slave act.

Mr. MASON. Mr. President, I hope the Senate will be kind enough to indulge me one moment. There are few acts which I would not sooner commit than to deny an indulgence which might be asked by any Senator; but if the Senator who has just offered that resolution shall ask to-morrow, or at any other time during this session, the indulgence of the Senate to be heard upon it, for one, sir, I shall refuse it. Sir, we have fixed a day for the adjournment, and that day is at hand. The probability is that the House will concur in it; and if, after eight months of this session have elapsed, within thirty days of the adjournment, the Senator from Massachusetts, representing that State in part, shall ask the Senate to hear him upon a question which all agree involves the continuance of this Union, and at a time when there can be no reply, for one, I shall refuse to grant that indulgence.

The PRESIDENT. It is not in order to discuss the resolution at this time.

On the following day the resolution again came up in order when the following debate ensued, which we copy from the *Washington Union:*

Mr. SUMNER. I now ask permission of the Senate to take up the resolution which I offered yesterday. I move that the prior orders be postponed for that purpose; and upon that motion, I desire to say a word. In asking the Senate to take up this resolution for consideration, I say nothing of its merits nor of the arguments by which it may be maintained; nor do I anticipate any objections to it on these grounds. All this will properly belong to the discussion of the resolution itself—the main question—when it is actually before the Senate. The single question now is, not the resolution, but whether I shall be heard upon it. As a senator under the responsibilities of my position, I have deemed it my duty to offer this resolution. I may seem to have postponed this duty to an inconvenient period of the session; but had I attempted it at an earlier day, I might have exposed myself to a charge of a different character. It might then have been said that, a new-comer and inexperienced in this scene, without deliberation, hastily, rashly, recklessly, I pushed this question before the country. This is not the case now. I have taken time, and in the exercise of my most careful discretion now ask for it the attention of the Senate. I shrink from any appeal founded on a trivial personal consideration; but should I be blamed for any delay latterly, I may add, that though in my seat daily, my bodily health for some time past down to this very week, has not been equal to the service I have undertaken. I am not sure that it is now; but I desire to try. And now again I say the question is simply whether I shall be heard. In allowing me this privilege—this right, I might say—you do not commit yourselves in any way to the principle of the resolution; but you merely follow the ordinary usage of the Senate, and yield to a brother senator the opportunity which he craves, in the practical discharge of his duty, to express convictions dear to his heart, and dear to large numbers of his constituents. For the sake of these constituents, for my own sake, I now desire to be heard. Make such disposition of my resolution afterward as to you shall seem best; visit upon me any degree of criticism, censure, or displeasure, but do not deprive me of a hearing. "Strike, but hear."

Mr. MASON. It is the right of any senator to introduce into this body any subject which in his judgment is proper for legislation. There is a correlative right on the part of the Senate to consider it or not, as they may think proper. Now, sir, I object to the consideration of this resolution at this time; not from any discourtesy to the Senator who introduced it; not from any objection, at a proper time, to consider the question involved in a resolution which any Senator upon his responsibility thinks proper to introduce. But I object to it, because it is manifest that at this time of the session the Senate can give it no further consideration than to hear the remarks that may be made upon it by the Senator who introduced it. It is not, then, introduced for any practical object; and because of its disturbing character, because whenever it does come before the Senate, it comes in the form of a firebrand, I say that until the Senate is prepared to consider it and to pass upon it I object to its consideration. Upon the question of taking up the resolution I ask the yeas and nays.

The yeas and nays were ordered.

Mr. BROOKE. I merely wish to state, Mr. President, that the State which I have the honour in part to represent upon this floor, and also the State that is so ably represented by my friend who sits upon my left (Mr. Charlton, of Georgia), stand in rather a peculiar attitude in reference to this question. Both of those States have, in the most solemn and emphatic manner, by means of conventions—not merely party conventions, but conventions assembled by requisition of their legislatures—declared that the repeal or essential modification of the fugitive slave law shall be regarded by them as sufficient cause for the dissolution of the Union. This, sir, was no idle threat. It was a threat that I believe—that I know—will be carried into execution, with the full concurrence of the whole South, whenever that act is done. Then, sir, I can regard this proposition as no less a one than to instruct the Committee on the Judiciary to bring in a bill to dissolve this Union. Courtesy or no courtesy, I can not consent that such a question shall be mooted at this late day of the session.

Sir, we do not regard this fugitive slave law as of any essential benefit to us. Our negroes in the State of Mississippi very seldom escape into the northern States; and when they do, we generally consider the time, trouble, and expense of bringing them back as worth more than those recaptured. We do not regard this law as of any value to us at all. But, sir, its repeal would be regarded by us as an act of bad faith—an act showing that no faith can be kept by our northen brethren with us, and that Union under such circumstances would be far worse than no Union at all. Hence, sir, I am opposed, at this stage of the session, to having a question so ominous in its import practically brought before us. I disclaim any want of courtesy in voting, as I shall, against taking it up. In order to dispose of the subject at once, I move that it be laid upon the table.

Mr. CHARLTON. Will the Senator withdraw that motion for a moment? If he desires it, I will renew it.

Mr. BROOKE. I will withdraw the motion.

Mr. CHARLTON. Mr. President, it is my misfortune on this, as on a previous occasion, to differ with the honourable gentlman from the State of Massachusetts upon a question of courtesy in this House. I am sorry to do it, for it would give me great pleasure to be able to offer any courtesy to that gentleman. But the question before us is something more than courtesy. It is a question, as the honourable Senator from Mississippi (Mr. Brooke) has justly said, that is of a vital interest to this Union, and particularly of vital interest to the State which I have the honour in part to represent. Mr. President, look at the condition of affairs here and in the House. Your tables are loaded with bills. They are bills of the most important and necessary character—some of them appropriation bills for the purpose of carrying on the machinery of your government. All these must stand still, that a resolution may be offered and adopted, which will have the effect, if it has any effect at all, to rend in pieces this Union. I say, sir, "to rend in pieces this Union;" for, sir, the State of Georgia stands pledged the moment this fugitive slave law is repealed, come what will, come what may, at once to absolve herself from any ties which she owes to it; and having thrown down that guantlet, neither I nor any one of my constituents will be willing to recede from it.

If the honourable Senator from Massachusetts will look a little, only a little, beyond the coast of his own State, he will see there the humiliating spectacle of the star-spangled banner trailing—I will not say in the dust, but at half-mast—and the crew and captain under the charge of a national vessel of Great Britain. If he will turn back from that humiliating spectacle, and look into this chamber, he will see the heart of every man ready to protect the interests and the property of his constituents. He will see us all, disregarding sectional feelings and sectional prejudices, ready to give our property, our lives, our blood for the protection of the national rights of this great confederacy. And just at this moment, when we are willing—though we know full well where the brunt of this war, if war is to come, must fall; though we know what we are to endure upon our southern coast, yet we do not look to these consequences when the interests of this great confederacy are at stake; while we are willing, I say, to sacrifice anything for the preservation of this glorious Union; just at this time, just when we are ready to make any sacrifice that the honour of our country may demand of us, the Senator comes here and asks us to break down the only guard we have for the protection of our property. He asks us to hold ourselves as recreants; or, at least, if not to adopt his measure, to take up this resolution for the purpose of expediting his views in opposition to the great mass of business which we are called upon here, by our duty to our constituents, to perform.

I am not afraid of this resolution. Let it come up in its order. I am unwilling to gag the gentleman. I feel a personal respect for him, and am willing to offer to him any courtesy in my power. But there is a point where courtesy ceases to be a virtue and becomes a crime.

Mr. President, it is my good fortune to be a Union democrat. I am not ashamed of my position. I know that I, as well as the great body of men with whom I have been associated in Georgia, have been held up to public scorn and reproach, because we were willing to abide by this Compromise—the fugitive-slave law being the prominent feature of it. We were willing to do it. We did not stop to consider whether full justice had been done to us in these measures; but we saw in the effort here to compromise, a returning sense of justice; and we were not willing to lose our hold upon the northern democracy, who had stood by us in good and in evil report. We were unwilling to haul down the banner of our country. We were ready to do battle for it so long as this Compromise was observed by the North. That is the extent to which we will go. We have already said, and we say it again, we adopt this as a peace offering. Repeal this fugitive slave law, and we are absolved. Break it, and Georgia is not true to herself if she continues dishonoured in this confederacy. Now, sir, let them cast me where they please, I am a Union democrat. I believe in this glorious country. I love it with all my heart. It would bring tears to my eyes—the very thought that one of these States should withdraw from it. I look upon it as the last great example of a free people who can govern themselves; and I think that the prophecy made to ancient Rome might well be made to the constitution of these United States of America: "When stands the Coliseum, Rome will stand; when falls the Coliseum, Rome will fall; and when Rome falls, the world." But still, Mr. President, I am not willing to go one inch beyond the line that has been drawn. Why, then, should I vote, upon a principle of personal courtesy, to allow this resolution to be taken up out of its order? It is either useless, or worse than useless. It is useless if it fails to meet its object. It is worse than useless if it meets that object, because it dissolves the Union. Shall I vote for it? No; I will not! I tell the Senator from Massachusetts, that in giving this vote I mean no personal disrespect for him. I have known him long. I acknowledge that I have received courtesies from him. But in a question of this character, where the interests of Georgia are at stake, I should feel myself recreant to my State, recreant to myself, if I were to vote for it. And I say this day, in the face of this nation, that if the fugitive-slave law is repealed, then the gentleman may say, as I certainly will say, "My native land, good night; good night to all your prospects; good night to all your greatness. Come what will—come what may—we have exhausted the argument, and we will stand by our arms."

Mr. SHIELDS. Mr. President, I not know that I understand the question before the Senate. I have just come in.

The PRESIDENT stated the question to be on the postponement of all prior orders, for the purpose of taking up a resolution offered by the Senator from Massachusetts.

Mr. SHIELDS called for the reading of the resolution again.

The resolution was accordingly read.

Mr. SHIELDS. Mr. President, as a Senator of this body, I am decidedly opposed to this resolution, and I shall vote against it. But that is not the question we are now considering. It occurs to me that there has been too much importance given to this subject by honourable Senators representing the South. I felt that there was great force in what fell from the honourable Senator from Virginia [Mr. Mason] yesterday, that being brought in at this late stage of the session, at a time when we are almost overwhelmed with business, and its being a mere abstract question—for I hold it is only that, and it is only intended to give the Senator from Massachusetts an opportunity of being heard—it is a great pity that the time of the Senate should be wasted upon such a question. I regret very much that the honourable Senator from Massachusetts has deemed it necessary as due either to his position or to himself to bring this question forward; but having done so, the only question now is, will you permit him to be heard upon it? Will you deprive a Senator of this body—on a subject that may interest him deeply—of the privilege of being heard?

Now, sir, I have sat in this body, and I have listened to treason spoken here by honourable Senators; and yet we have listened patiently, I ask honourable Senators from the South to consider, can anything be gained by preventing a man from being heard upon a question of this kind? Can you gain anything by stifling his mouth upon this question? I am as decidedly opposed to agitation as any man in this body. And while I shall vote against any law to modify or change the Fugitive Slave Law, unless it be from defect found in its operation, and to strengthen it; yet, at the same time, if there is a motion made to lay it upon the table, I shall vote against it. I will hear him, and hear what he has to say.

More than that: I have a peculiar curiosity at this stage of affairs in our country, to hear what this third party has to say in the coming canvass. And I take it for granted that my honourable friend from Massachusetts [Mr. Sumner] means to give an *expose* of their opinions, and of their intended proceedings. I want the principles of that third party exposed to the public gaze. For one, I will not stifle it—not for a moment. I would give it, on the contrary, all the encouragement I can. I want men to be classified in the coming election; and I want to see how many of our citizens in the Northern States, and in my own State, are disposed to go in for the repeal of this Fugitive Slave Law. We lose nothing by classification, in my humble opinion. The two great parties are now arrayed in a position; and I want to see this third party, that make this their hobby, so as to determine what strength they can muster in the United States.

Now, sir, I would suggest this; I shall vote against the resolution; I shall vote against any reagitation of this question; but, at the same time, I mean never to give my vote in this body to prevent any man that is honoured with a seat in this body, let him come from what quarter he may, from being heard here upon any question—never. I will hear him; I do not care what he says here. I would, therefore, suggest that the honourable Senator [Mr. Sumner] postpone his resolution until Saturday, as it will then interfere with none of the legitimate business of the body; and that we all agree to give him a hearing upon that day. I have not the least idea that his speech will ever rend the Union of the United States asunder (laughter).

Mr. GWIN. Mr. President, I differ entirely from the Senator from Illinois [Mr. Shields] with regard to the propriety of extending courtesy to every Senator upon such subjects as he chooses to bring before this body. If the Senator from Massachusetts were to introduce a resolution here to instruct the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill to dissolve this Union, I would like to know whether the Senator from Illinois would vote in favour of his having an opportunity of speaking upon such a resolution? Now, sir, I recollect very distinctly, some ten years ago, that a gentleman from Massachusetts [Hon. J. Q. Adams], for introducing a memorial before the other House of Congress a proposition in favour of dissolving this Union—there were two weeks discussion upon it—came very near being censured and expelled from the House.

Mr. SHIELDS. Mr. President, if the gentleman from California will permit me, I will state that a treasonable proposition—a proposition flagrantly treasonable—of course the Senate should not entertain for a moment—of course not; and I should not vote for such a thing as that. I have already said that I shall vote against this resolution, and that I shall vote against any bill that favours a proposition of the kind.

Mr. GWIN. Mr. President, I look upon the two propositions as one and the same. I think the resolution introduced by the Senator from Massachusetts, [Mr. Sumner], instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill to repeal the Fugitive Slave Law, is equivalent to introducing a resolution to dissolve the Union, because we all know, sir, that the repeal of the law would produce that result. We have just heard to-day the Senators from Mississippi [Mr. Brooke] and from Georgia [Mr. Charlton] declare that the States which they represent in part are bound to leave their sister States of this Union, when that step shall be taken; and, for one, I have no doubt that a repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law would dissolve the Union. The first, sir, in my judgment, is equivalent to the latter, and I cannot look upon the matter in the light that in refusing a Senator the right to speak upon such a question you fail to extend to him that courtesy which is considered due a member of this body. Nothing, in my judgment, will justify the Senate, or any of the representatives of any of the States of this Confederacy, in voting in favour of such a discussion. I shall vote against it in the present instance, although it is not from prejudice that I do so.

Mr. DOUGLAS. Mr. President, like the Senator from Massachusetts, I am anxious to be heard. I came into the Senate this morning, after riding the entire night, for the express purpose of being heard—not upon the Fugitive Slave Law, nor upon any other question calculated to have any effect upon the pending presidential election. I make my speeches upon those subjects elsewhere, and come here to make speeches upon practical subjects of legislation. The Senate postponed the bill to protect the emigrant route to Oregon, and the amendment for a railroad to the Pacific, until this day. The Committee on Territories having reported the bill which has been postponed until this time, as chairman of that committee, I expected to be called upon to explain its leading provisions; and I do think that the subject of the railroad to the Pacific ocean is a matter of more practical importance to the nation, to the people of the United States, and to the world, than a speech upon the Fugitive Slave Law. And hence I shall insist upon adhering to the practical matters of legislation before the House, and shall refuse to extend an act of courtesy to any gentleman to make a mere rhetorical speech, intended to operate upon the presidential election, or to fan the flames of discord that have so recently divided this great people.

Mr. BUTLER. I suppose I may consider myself included in the appeal which has been made to the gentlemen of the South by the Senator from Illinois [Mr. Shields], and perhaps no one is more adverse to interfering with this debate. I have stood openly here, and seemed under the censure of the Senate at the time I did so, and have opposed any vote or measure which looked like the suppression, or attempt to suppress, petitions or the right of debate. I have long seen that this effort to arrest agitation by attempts to exclude petitions or to control debate is vain. I know it will go on. I believe the honourable Senator is pledged to agitate; however, that may be another matter. Therefore I would be perfectly willing, as he is bound to do it, and under very high obligations to his constituents, to give him an opportunity to speak upon this subject at any time when the other side can be heard. Give us "a fair field and a clear sky" upon this subject, and I fear nothing. But I feel myself embarrassed upon this subject by the peculiar attitude and peculiar juncture of affairs at this time. I feel that I am in a conflict between a sense of duty, I may say, to every Senator, and a sense of courtesy; because if this subject is taken up, the subject cannot be discussed without allusions, and the Senator himself will be bound to make allusions to South Carolina and her laws.

Mr. SUMNER (in a low voice). I do not intend to do it.

Mr. BUTLER. Well, sir, I may get clear, perhaps, but you will give it to other gentlemen [laughter].

Mr. WELLER (in his seat). I do not know how it can be discussed without it.

Mr. BUTLER. No, sir; I do not know how the question can be discussed without such allusions. However, I suppose the Senator from Massachusetts would not like to have it said that he is playing the part of the rhetorician merely; that he has arisen to play the orator before the Senate of the United States—to make a speech merely. If he intends anything, he ought to have before him all the responsibility of a Senator, especially a Senator from Massachusetts. He ought to have before him the dignity of purpose. Does he intend to refer this resolution to the Judiciary Committee, with a view to having it acted upon? Or is it a mere opportunity of making before the Senate an oratorical display which is desired? Is it to make the proceedings of this Senate the vehicle of communication throughout the United States, and wash deeper and deeper the channels through which flow the angry waters of agitation? If that is his object, I must be allowed to say that when he undertakes to agitate, perhaps the current cannot be controlled without some counteracting influence to go out with his speech. I will say that much. The gentleman's speech must have an influence. I suppose it is intended to have an influence. I therefore feel extremely embarrassed to know how to vote in accordance with what I have heretofore said. I do not intend to repress discussions, or to exclude petitions; but I am really more embarrassed upon this question than upon any other subject. I am inclined to think that I shall not vote at all in reference to this matter, but shall leave it to others.

Mr. BORLAND. If this were a mere question of courtesy from one Senator to another, I apprehend that I would be as ready to extend it to the Senator from Massachusetts as any one upon this floor. But, sir, while I will not say that it rises above courtesy, and extends as far as some Senators consider it as extending—to the question of the integrity of this Union—I will say that it is a question materially affecting the practical business before this body. We have recently passed a resolution, sir, after some trouble and debate, in which we have determined, and brought ourselves under solemn obligation, that we will devote the time from this to the last day of August to the practical business of the country for which we were sent here, and for the want of the transaction of which no one can deny that the business of the country has to some extent suffered, and is destined to suffer still more daily. For that reason, sir, without undertaking to give another reason, but deeming that sufficient, I shall vote against the consideration of this resolution at this time.

I think Senators have erred to some extent in supposing that we commit a discourtesy, or do anything unusual, in refusing to the Senator from Massachusetts the taking up of his resolution out of its regular order when he asks us to consider it. Nothing is more uncommon in the proceedings of this body than to refuse to take up a question which is not considered as of practical importance, to the postponement and exclusion of other matters which all acknowledge to be matters of practical importance, and which have precedence in the regular order of business. I have myself, although I have experienced the courtesy of the Senate in many instances, made motions to take up important matters out of their order, and have been refused. There is not a Senator, I apprehend, upon this floor, who is especially interested in bills of his own State, who has not—if that be discourtesy—received discourtesy at the hands of the Senate, who have refused to call up business which was desired to be taken up, and which was for the interests of the constituents of the Senator making the proposition. I have never considered this discourtesy. I have never supposed that any other Senator considered it discourtesy to be refused precedence over every other business. Why, then, should it be considered discourteous here to object to taking up this resolution offered upon yesterday, to the postponement and exclusion of the important business of the session, in the very last month of the session, when everything must necessarily be considered with some degree of haste? Why should it be considered an act of discourtesy to refuse to postpone every other interest, however important, in order to take up and consider that which, I apprehend, not even he himself, or at least no other senator upon this floor, will say is to have any practical operation here, and certainly no beneficial operation upon the business which is pending before us, and which it is our solemn duty to attend to at this time, and to attend to assiduously?

One more remark, sir. There is, in my opinion, no disguising the fact that if this subject is discussed by one Senator, it will call for discussion from other Senators. There is no telling, after the subject is once opened, when it will be closed. Now, Mr. President, I appeal to the two great parties which compose this Senate, as the representatives of the American States, if, when we adopted what we called the compromise measures, we did not give a solemn pledge to this nation, and if both parties do not stand now before the nation pledged not only by their votes here, but by their conventions, held recently in a neighbouring city, to pursue such a course as shall keep out of the councils of the nation and the discussions of the country, so far as we are able, this agitating question, the discussion of which is always evil in its consequences and dangerous to the integrity of this government. Now, sir, I may say here, as I have often said to my constituents, that to many of these measures of compromise I was opposed.

The PRESIDENT. The Chair will——

Mr. BORLAND. I am not going into the discussion of the matter, but merely to state the motives for my vote. All these measures were passed by the two houses of Congress, and received the official sanction of the President of the United States. Whatever opposition I might have felt to them, I feel bound, since they have become the law of the country, to yield my opposition, and to acquiesce for the sake of peace, and quiet, and harmony in the country, and for the preservation of this Union. Now sir, if Senators or Representatives, who had objections and yielded them under considerations of this sort, feel bound now to sustain these measures for the great object for which they were passed, and to sustain what has been said to the accomplishment of that great object, I ask if the majority who approved of them, and who voted for them, who sustained them and proclaimed them as a peace offering and as having accomplished the object of peace, are not now bound to carry out the pledge they have solemnly made, and have since so often solemnly reiterated by their votes, by their additional action here, and are not bound to keep agitation out of the Senate of the United States, to preserve the country at peace so far as they can, and to attend to their practical duties? With these considerations, I shall vote against the consideration of the resolution at this time.

Mr. HUNTER. It seems likely that we shall consume all the time in this preliminary debate——

Mr. SHIELDS. I was about to move to postpone the resolution until Saturday next.

The PRESIDENT. There is no resolution under consideration. It is a simple question upon taking up the resolution; and upon that question the yeas and nays have been ordered.

Mr. HUNTER. It must be in the recollection of the Senate that the bill making appropriations for the Indian department has been now before the Senate for three days, this being the third day. It was taken up yesterday as the Senate adjourned, and the Senate adjourned with it under consideration.

Mr. SHIELDS. Will the Senator allow me to ask the question whether it is not competent to move to postpone the motion to take up the resolution until next Saturday? That will postpone the whole subject until Saturday.

Mr. HUNTER. This is a motion in relation to the order of business, and cannot be postponed. It must be decided, unless it is withdrawn.

The PRESIDENT. The simple question is whether the resolutions shall be taken up.

Mr. HUNTER. I hope the vote will be taken.

The question being then taken upon the motion by Mr. Sumner to take up his resolution, it was rejected—yeas 10, nays 32—as follow:

YEAS—Messrs. Clarke, Davis, Dodge of Wisconsin, Foot, Hamlin, Seward, Shields, Sumner, Upham, and Wade—10.

NAYS—Messrs. Borland, Brodhead, Brooke, Cass, Charlton, Clemens, Desaussure, Dodge of Iowa, Douglas, Downs, Felch, Fish, Geyer, Gwin, Hunter, King, Mallory, Mangum, Mason, Meriwether, Miller, Morton, Norris, Pearce, Pratt, Rusk, Sebastian, Smith, Soule, Spruance, Toucey, and Weller—32.

LIQUOR LAW IN NEWPORT.—The Maine Law in Newport, says the Providence *Journal* is openly violated.—Some of the hotels and grocers have stopped the sale, but others go on in the same way.

——REV. CHARLES W. DENNISON, of Boston, has boxed still another point in the political compass. He has abandoned the publication of *Our Country*, and is about to establish a Pierce and King paper.

——THE COMPANY THEY ARE IN.—If there is anything that should make an otherwise "respectable" slave Commissioner ashamed of his duties under the Fugitive Law, it would seem to be the kind of company with which he must necessarily be brought in contact in finding menials to carry out the provisions of that statute. During the late rescue cases, this paper said many hard things, and hard only because true, of Frederick Byrne and Charles Sawin, and others of that class, with whom the refined Mr. Commissioner Curtis, with all his social affinities and personal associations, was obliged to be on intimate terms. We now see that the Mayor and Aldermen of Boston, at their meeting on Monday, endorse all we then said

Miscellaneous Department.

BLIND ROSA.

BY HENRIK CONSCIENCE.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. HOWITT.

On a splendid summer day in 1846, the diligence was rolling along the great highway from Antwerp to Turnout at the regular hour. The horses trotted, the wheels rattled, the carriage creaked, the driver clucked incessantly with his tongue in order to quicken the speed of his cattle, dogs barked in the distance, birds soared up in the fields high into the air, the shadow sped alongside of the diligence, and danced along with its peculiar motion amongst the trees and bushes.

Suddenly the conductor pulled up not far from a solitary inn. He leaped down from his seat, opened the door of the diligence without saying a word, slapped down the step, and put out his hand to a traveller, who, with a knapsack in his hand, descended to the road. In the same silence the conductor again put up the step, closed the door, sprung again into his seat, and whistled gently to intimate to the horses that they must move. The horses trotted on; the heavy vehicle pursued its monotonous career.

In the mean time the traveller had entered the inn, and seated himself at a table with a glass of ale before him. He was a man of more than ordinary size, and appeared to be about fifty. You might at the same time have supposed him to be sixty, if his vigorous carriage, his quick glance, and a certain youthful smile about his lips, had not testified that his soul and senses were much younger than his appearance. His hair was gray, his forehead and cheeks covered with wrinkles, and his complexion bore the stamp of early age which excessive exertion and long-continued care impress on the countenance. Yet, at the same time, his breast heaved with vigour, he bore his head upright, and his eyes still gleamed with the fire of manhood. By his dress you would take him for a wealthy citizen; it had nothing peculiar, except that the frock-coat buttoned to the throat, and the large meerschaum pipe, which hung at his breast, bespoke a Flemish or a German officer.

The people of the house, having attended to his demands, again returned to their occupations, without taking further notice of him. He saw the two daughters go to and fro, the father renew the fire with wood and turf, and the mother fill the kettle with water; but not one of them addressed to him a single word, though his eyes followed earnestly every member of the family, and although in his friendly glance might have been read the question —"Do you not recognise me!"

At this moment his attention was caught by the striking of a clock which hung upon the wall. As if the sound had painfully affected him, an expression of disagreeable surprise appeared in his countenance, and chased the smile from his lips. He stood up and contemplated the unlucky clock while it went sounding stroke after stroke, to the number of nine. The mother observed the singular emotion of the stranger, and placed herself in wonder at his side; she, too, looked at the clock, as if to discover what he found so remarkable in that.

"The clock has a pleasant sound—has it not?" said she. "It has now gone for twenty years without the hand of the clockmaker touching it."

"Twenty years!" sighed the traveller. "And where, then, is the clock which hung there before? What has become of the image of the Virgin which stood here upon the mantel-piece? They are both probably broken and gone."

The woman looked in astonishment at the stranger, and replied—"The figure of the Virgin Zanna broke as she played with it as a child. But it was really so pitiful, that the priest himself had advised us to buy another. Here stands the new one, and it is much handsomer."

The traveller shook his head dissentingly. "And the clock," continued the hostess, "you will soon hear. The wretched old thing is always too late, and has hung from time immemorial in the lumber-room. There! now it is just beginning to buzz."

And, in truth, there came from the adjoining room a peculiar croaking noise. It was like the hoarse note of a bird which slowly wheezed out "Cuckoo! cuckoo!" But this extraordinary sound called into the traveller's countenance a beaming smile; accompanied by the hostess, he hastened into the lumber-room, and there with glistening eyes gazed on the old clock, which still had not got to the end of its "Cuckoo! cuckoo!"

Both daughters approached the stranger with curiosity, and stared with wonder at him, their large eyes turning from him to their mother full of inquiry. The looks of the damsels awoke the stranger to consciousness, and he returned to the room, followed by the three women. His heart clearly felt very happy, for his features glowed with so attractive an expression of pleasure and good-will, and his eyes bedewed with tears glanced so brightly, that the two young girls with evident sympathy approached him. He seized their hands and said.

"You think my conduct strange, eh, children? You cannot conceive why the voice of the old cuckoo delights me so much. Ah! I too have been a child, and at that time, my father, when he had done his work, used to come and drink here his glass of ale. When I had behaved well, I was allowed to accompany him. For whole hours have I stood and waited for the cuckoo opening its little door; I have danced and leaped to the measure of her song, and admired in my childish simplicity the poor bird as a masterpiece. And the sacred image of the Virgin, which one of you has broken, I loved it for its beautiful blue mantle, and because the little Jesus-child stretched its arms towards me, and smiled as I smiled. Now is the child—myself—almost sixty years old, with gray hair and furrowed countenance. Four-and-thirty years have I passed in the steppes of Russia, and yet I remember the sacred image of Mary, and the cuckoo, as if I had only been brought hither by my father yesterday."

"You are from our village, then?" said Zanna.

"Yes, certainly," answered the stranger with a joyous precipitance. But this announcement had not the anticipated effect; the girls only smiled familiarly; that was all; the intelligence seemed to give them neither pleasure nor pain. The traveller turned to the mother:

"Well," said he, "what is become of Baas Joostens?"

"You mean Baas Jan," answered the hostess; "he died about twenty years ago."

"And his wife, the good stout Petronella?"

"Dead too," was the answer.

"Dead! dead!" sighed the stranger; "and the young herdsman, Andries, who made such handsome baskets?"

"Also dead," replied the hostess.

The traveller dropped his head and gave himself up to gloomy thoughts. In the mean time the hostess went out into the barn to relate to her husband what had passed with the unknown guest. The host entered the room carelessly, and awoke by his noisy wooden shoes the stranger out of his reverie. He sprung up, with an exclamation of delight, rushed with outstretched arms towards the host, who coldly took his hand, and almost with indifference looked at him.

"Don't you either know me again, Peter Joostens?" cried the stranger, quite confounded.

"No, I do not recollect ever to have seen you," replied the host.

"No! Don't you know who it was that ventured his life under the ice to rescue you from an otherwise inevitable death?"

The host shrugged his shoulders. Deeply wounded, the traveller continued, almost moved to tears:

"Have you actually forgotten the youth who defended you against your bigger comrades, and supplied you with so many birds' eggs, that you might make a beautiful garland for the May-pole? He who taught you to make so many pipes of reeds, and who so often took you with him when he went with the tile-burner's cart to market?"

"Something of the kind floats dimly in my memory," answered the host; "my late father used to tell me that when I was about six years old I was very near perishing under the ice; but that tall Jan drew me out, and that he went away with the rest in the emperor's time to serve for common fodder. Who knows now where his bones lie in unconsecrated earth? God be merciful to his poor soul!"

"Ah! now at length you know me!" exclaimed the stranger joyously; "I am tall Jan, or rather Jan Slaets."

As he did not receive an immediate answer, he added in surprise:

"You recollect the good shot at the bird-shooting, who for four miles round was reckoned the best sportsman, who every time carried off the prize, and who was envied by the young men because the girls showed him the preference? I am he, Jan Slaets of the hill."

"Very possible," said the host, incredulously; "at the same time, do not take it amiss, my good sir, if I do not remember you. Our village has no longer a bird-shooting; the shooting-ground is converted into private property, and for a year past has been unoccupied owing to the death of the possessor."

Deterred by the cold reception of the host, the traveller gave up the attempt to make himself known; but, as he prepared to go further, he said calmly:

"In the village here there live a good many of my friends who cannot have forgotten me. You, Peter Joostens, were very young at that time. I am persuaded that the brick-maker, Paul, will rush to my arms the moment that he sees me. Does he yet live in the clay dale?"

"The brick-yard became, many years ago, a prey to the flames; the clay-field is cultivated and bears now the finest hay. The meadow now belongs to the rich Mr. Tirt."

"And what has become of Paul?"

"After their misfortunes, the whole family went away. . . . I do not know certainly, perhaps he too is dead. But I observe that you talk of our grandfathers' time, and it will be difficult to get answers to all your questions unless you go to the grave-digger. He can reckon up for you on his fingers what has happened for a hundred years past, or more."

"I can believe that; Peter Jan must have reached his ninetieth year."

"Peter Jan? That is not the name of the grave-digger; his name is Lauw Stevens."

A glad smile illumined the countenance of the traveller.

"God be praised," he exclaimed, "that he has at least left one of my comrades still in life!"

"Indeed! was Lauw your friend, sir?"

"Not exactly my friend," replied the traveller, shaking his head: "we were always at logger-heads. Once, in the heat of our strife, I flung him from the little bridge into the brook, so that he ran great risk of drowning; but about thirty years are flown since then. Lauw will be glad to see me again Give me now your hand, good Joostens; I shall often come to drink a glass of ale with you here."

He paid, took his knapsack under his arm and went out. Behind the inn he took his way through a young pine wood. His interview with the host, although not very animating, had, nevertheless, infused comfort into the heart of the traveller. Memories from his childhood transported him; memories at every step crowded upon him, and gave him new life. True, the young wood could say nothing to him; in its place stood formerly a tall pine-wood, whose trees had concealed so many birds' nests, under whose shade the refreshing bilberries had ripened. It had fared with the wood as with the inhabitants of the village—the old trees had fallen, or were cut down, and a new generation, who were strange and indifferent to him, had taken their places. But the songs of the birds which resounded on all sides were still the same; the wind murmured complainingly as before through the branches; the cricket sang as it used to do, and the fresh aroma of the wood still filled the air. All objects had changed, but the work of eternal nature had continued in its principal features the same. Thoughts like these arose in the traveller's soul, and now glad and inspirited he continued his way without looking up from the ground till he came out of the wood.

Here opened before his eyes the wide extent of fields and meadows, amongst which the brook's silvery thread coursed playfully its way. In the background, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, the pointed spire of the church lifted aloft its gilded vane, which gleamed in the sunshine like a morning star; and still beyond it the windmill whirled its red wings.

Overcome by an unspeakable emotion, the traveller stood still—his eyes filled with tears, he let his knapsack fall, and stretched out his arms, while his countenance glowed with love and rapture. At the same moment the bells rang for Angelus. The traveller fell on his knees, sunk his head deep on his bosom, and continued thus for a considerable time, immovable though trembling. A prayer streamed up from his heart and lips: this was evident as he cast his eyes full of inward thankfulness towards heaven, and lifted his clasped hands to God. He then took up again his knapsack, and said, with his gaze riveted on the church tower: "Thou at least has not become changed, thou little church, in which I was baptized, in which I celebrated my first communion, in which all looked to me so wonderful and so holy. Yes, I shall see them again, the Sacred Virgin in her garments of gold, and her silver diadem; St. Anthony with the little friendly swine; St. Ursula and the devil with the red tongue, of which I so often dreamed; and the organ, upon which the sexton played so beautifully, while we sung with all our hearts—

Ave Maria
Gratia plena!"

The last words the traveller sung aloud, while a tear trickled down his cheek. Silent and dreaming he went on till he came to a little bridge, which led over a brook into a meadow. There his countenance brightened, and he said with emotion: "Here I first pressed Rosa's hand! Here our eyes confessed for the first time that there is a happiness on earth which seizes irresistibly our hearts, and opens heaven to the young! As now, so then shone the yellow iris flower in the sunshine; the frogs croaked, full of the enjoyment of life, and the lark sang above our heads."

He went over the bridge, and said aloud to himself: "The frogs which witnessed our love are dead; the flowers are dead; the larks ars dead! Their children now greet the old man, who, like a spectre, returns home from the past times. And Rosa, my beloved Rosa? livest thou still? Perhaps....probably married and surrounded by children. Those who stay at home forget so soon the unhappy brother who wanders over distant lands in sorrow and care."....His lips moved as if he were smiling: "Poor pilgrim!" he sighed, "there wells up again in my heart the old jealousy, as if my heart yet remained in its first spring. The time of love has long gone by!....But so be it; if she only knows me, and remembers our former relation, I shall not repent the long journey of eighteen hundred miles, and will then willingly lie down in my grave, and sleep by the side of my ancestors and friends!"

A little further, and near the village, he went into a public house, on whose sign there was a plough, and bade the hostess bring him a glass of ale. In the corner by the fire sat a very old man, who stared into the fire as immoveably as a stone. Before the hostess had returned from the cellar, the traveller had recognized the old man. He drew his chair close to him, seized his hand, and said gladly:

"Thank God, who has let us live so long, Baes Joos! We yet remain from the good old time. Don't you know me again? No? The audacious lad that so often crept through your hedge, and stole your apples before they were ripe?"

"Six-and-ninety years!" muttered the old man, without moving.

"Very likely, but tell me, Baes Jones, is the wainwright's Rosa living yet?"

"Six-and-ninety years!" repeated the old man, with a hollow voice.

The hostess came with the ale, and said: "He is blind and deaf, sir, don't give yourself the trouble to talk with him; he cannot understand you."

"Blind and deaf?" exclaimed the stranger, disconcerted. "What irreparable devastations time commits in the space of thirty years! I walk here in the midst of the ruin of a whole race of men."

"You were asking after the wainwright's Rosa?" continued the hostess; "our wainwright has four daughters, but amongst them is no Rosa. The eldest is called Lisbeth, and is married to the footman; the second is named Goude, and makes caps; the third is Nell; and the youngest Anna: the poor thing is short-sighted."

"I am not speaking of these people," exclaimed the stranger with impatience; I mean the family of Kobe Meulinck."

"Ah, they are all dead long ago, dear sir!" was the hostess' reply.

Deeply agitated, the traveller paid for his ale, and left the public-house with a feverish impetuosity. Out of doors he pressed his hands upon his eyes, and exclaimed in despair: "God! even she! my poor Rosa—dead! Always, always the inevitable word—dead! dead! Then shall no one on earth recognise me! Nor one kind eye shall greet me!"

With a staggering step, as if he were drunk, he plunged into the wood, and pressed his throbbing head against a tree, that he thus might by degrees recover himself. He then directed his course towards the village. His way led him across the solitary church-yard, where he remained standing with bare head at the foot of a crucifix, and said: "Here, before the image of a Crucified One, Rosa gave me her word that she would remain true to me, and wait for my return. Sorrow overwhelmed us; upon this bench fell our tears; in deep grief she received the gold cross, my dearly-purchased pledge of love. Poor beloved one, perhaps now I stand by thy grave!"

With this sorrowful observation, he sank motionless upon the bench, where he long continued sitting, as if unconscious. His eye wandered over the church-yard, and the small mounds of earth which covered the freshest graves. It grieved him to see how many of the wooden crosses were fallen with age, without the hand of a child troubling itself to raise again these memorials on a father's or a mother's place of rest. His parents, too, slept here under the earth, but who could show him the spot which their graves occupied?

In this manner he sat long, sunk in gloomy reverie; the unfathomable eternity weighed heavily on his soul, when a human step awoke him out of his dreams. It was the old grave-digger, who, with his spade on his shoulder, came along by the church yard wall. Misery and indigence might be read in his whole exterior; his back was bent, and through his constant labour with the spade had become crooked; his hair was white, and wrinkles ploughed his brow; though strength and spirit still spoke in his eye.

The traveller recognised at the first glance Lauw—his rival, and would have willingly sprung towards him; but the bitterly disappointed hope which he had already experienced held him back, and inspired him with a resolve to say nothing, but to see whether Lauw would know him again.

The grave-digger remained standing some paces from him, contemplated him awhile with common curiosity, and then began to mark out a long square with his spade, and to prepare a new grave. From time to time, however, he continued to cast stolen glances at the man who sat before him on the bench, and a secret melancholy joy gleamed in his eyes. The traveller, who deceived himself as to the expression in the grave-digger's countenance, felt his heart begin to beat, and expected that Lauw would come forward and name his name.

But the grave-digger still continued to look him sharply in the face, and then put his hand into his coat pocket. He drew out a little old book, bound in dirty parchment, to which was attached a strap with a lead pencil. He turned round and appeared to write something in the book.

This action, accompanied by a triumphant glance, astonished the stranger so much that he stood up, advanced to the grave-digger, and asked him in surprise, "What do you write in your book?"

"That is my affair," answered Lauw Stevens, "for a confounded long time there has stood a vacant place in my list; I make a cross by your name."

"You know me, then?" exclaimed the traveller, with the liveliest joy.

"Know you?" answered the grave-digger, jeeringly; "that I cannot exactly say; I only remember, as if it were yesterday, that a jealous fellow flung me into the brook, and nearly drowned me, because the wainwright's Rosa loved me. Since that time many an Easter taper has burnt"——

"You did the wainwright's Rosa love?" said the stranger, interrupting him; "that is not true, let me tell you."

"You know that well enough, you jealous fool. Did not she wear for a whole year the blessed ring of silver that I brought with me from Scherpenhuvel, till you yourself took the ring by force, and cast it into the brook?"

The traveller's countenance brightened into a melancholy smile.

"Lauw! Lauw! the recollection of old times makes children of us again. Believe me, Rosa never loved you as you fancy. She took your ring out of friendship, and because it had been blessed. In my youth I was rude and harsh, and did not always act in the best manner towards my comrades; but should not the four-and-thirty years which have operated so annihilatingly on men and things, have calmed down our evil passions? Shall I, in the only man who has recollected me, find an irreconcilable enemy? Come give me your hand; let us be friends; I will make you comfortable for your whole life."

But the grave-digger drew angrily his hand back, and answered in a caustic tone—

"It is too late to forget. You have embittered my life, and there passes no day but I think of you. Is that, think you, to bless your name? You, who contributed so much to my misfortune, may easily guess."

The traveller stuck his trembling hands together, and lifting his eyes towards heaven, exclaimed—

"God! hatred alone only recognises me! hate only never forgets!"

"You have done well," continued the grave-digger, "to come back to rest amongst your departed ancestors. I have kept a good grave for you. When the headstrong Long Jan lies under the earth, the rain will wash misery from his corpse."

The traveller trembled in every limb at this rude jest. Anger and displeasure kindled in his eyes. But this hasty emotion quickly vanished; dejection and pity took their place.

"You refuse," he said, "to extend your hand to a brother who returns after four-and-thirty years; the first greeting which you give to an old comrade is bitter mockery! That is not well of you, Lauw. But let it be so; we will speak no more of this. Tell me only where my late parents are laid."

"That I don't know," said the grave digger, "it is full five-and-twenty years since, and since that time the same spot has certainly been thrice used for new graves."

These words made the traveller so sorrowful, that his head sank on his bosom, and, with an immovable look, he continued lost in his melancholy thoughts.

The grave-digger proceeded with his labour, but he also seemed to linger over it, as if a gloomy thought had taken possession of him. He saw the deep suffering of the traveller, and was terrified at the thirst of revenge which had caused him thus to torture a fellow-mortal. The change of mood showed itself even upon his countenance; the bitter mockery disappeared from his lips, he contemplated for a moment, with increasing sympathy, his afflicted comrade, advanced slowly towards him, seized his hand, and said in a low, but still heart-touching voice—

"Jan, my dear friend, pardon me what I have said and done. I have behaved cruelly and wickedly to thee; but thou must remember, Jan, that I have suffered so much through thee."

"Lauw!" exclaimed the stranger with emotion, and shaking his hand, "that was the violence of our youth. See how little I thought of thy enmity, for I felt myself infinitely happy when I heard thee name my name. And for that I am grateful to thee, though thy bitterness has gone to my heart. But tell me, Lauw, where is Rosa buried? She will rejoice in Heaven when she sees us thus, as reconciled brothers, stand upon her last resting-place."

"How! Rosa buried?" exclaimed the grave-digger; "would to God that she were buried, poor thing!"

"What meanest thou?" cried the traveller: "does Rosa yet live?"

"Yes, she lives," was the answer, "if that terrible fate that she has to endure can be called life."

"Thou terrifiest me. For God's sake tell me what calamity has happened to her."

"She is blind!"

"Blind! Rosa blind! without eyes to see me; wo! wo is me!"

Overwhelmed by anguish he advanced with uncertain steps to the bench, and sank down upon it. The grave-digger placed himself before him, and said:

"For ten years has she been blind—and begs her daily bread. I give her every week two stivers, and when we bake we always remember her with a little cake."

The traveller sprang up, shook powerfully the grave-digger's hand, and said:

"A thousand thanks! God bless thee for thy love to Rosa! I pledge myself in His name to reward thee for it. I am rich, very rich. By evening we will see one another again. But tell me now, at once, where Rosa is to be found; every moment is to me a hundred years of suffering."

With these words he drew the grave digger along with him, and directed his steps toward the church-yard gate. Arrived there, the grave-digger pointed with his finger, and said:

"See there, by the side of the wood, there rises a smoke from a low chimney. That is the house of besom-binder Nelis Oom; she lives there."

Without waiting for further explanation, the traveller hastened through the village towards the indicated spot. He was soon at the dwelling. It was a low hut, built of willow wands and clay, but on the outside neatly whitewashed.—Some paces from the door four little children were playing and amusing themselves in the bright sunshine with planting in circles blue corn-flowers and red poppies. They were barefoot and half-naked; the eldest, a boy of about six years old, had nothing whatever on but a linen shirt. While his little brothers and sisters looked at the stranger with fear and shyness, the boy let his eyes rest steadily on the unknown one, full of curiosity and wonder.

The stranger smiled at the children, but advanced without delay into the hut, in one corner of which a man was busy making besoms, while a woman sat with her spinning-wheel by the hearth. These people could not be more than thirty years of age, and at the first glance might be perceived their contentment with their lot. For the rest, all around them looked as clean as country life within such a narrow space will allow. The stranger's entrance obviously surprised them, although they received him with kindness and offered him their services. They were clearly of opinion that he wanted to inquire his way, for the husband put himself in readiness to go and show it him. But he asked with evident emotion whether Rosa lived there? and the husband and wife cast astonished looks at each other, and could scarcely find words to answer him.

"Yes, good sir!" said the man at length; "Rosa lives here, but at present she is gone out a-begging. Do you wish to speak with her?"

"God! God!" exclaimed the traveller. "Cannot you quickly find her?"

"That would be difficult to do, sir; she has gone out with Triemtje, to make her round for the week, but we expect her in an hour's time; she never stays out."

"Can I wait for her here, good friends?

Scarcely had he uttered the words before the man hastened into the next room and fetched thence an easy chair, which although of rude workmanship, appeared more inviting than the still ruder chairs which stood in the outer room. Not satisfied with this, the wife took out of a chest a white cushion, which she laid in the chair, and requested the stranger to sit down. He was astonished at the simple but well-meant attention, and returned the cushion with many thanks. He then sat down in silence, and let his eyes glance round the room, as if to discover something which might speak of Rosa. As his head was thus turned aside, he felt a small hand gently thrust into his, and his fingers stroked. He looked round curiously to discover who bestowed on him this mark of friendliness, and he met the blue eyes of the boy, who, with heavenly innocence, looked up to him as if he had been his father or brother.

"Come here, Peterkin!" said the mother; "thou shouldst not be so forward, dear child."

But Peterkin did not seem to hear this warning, and continued to hold the hand of the stranger, and look at him. The stranger found the friendship of the boy unaccountable, and said:

"Dear child, thy blue eyes penetrate deep into my soul. As thou art so friendly, I will give thee something."

He put his hand into his pocket and took out a little purse with a silver clasp and pearls that changed colour in the light, and gave it him, after he had dropped into it some pieces of money. The boy gazed on the purse with great delight, but did not let go the stranger's hand. The mother approached and desired the child to go away.

"Peterken," said he, "thou wilt not be rude; thank the gentleman and kiss his hand."

The boy kissed his hand, stooped his head towards him, and said in a clear voice, "Many thanks tall Jan!"

A clap of thunder could not have so startled the traveller as his own name thus pronounced by the innocent child. Tears started involuntarily from his eyes; he lifted the boy upon his knee, and now gazed deeply into his face.

"So! dost thou know me, thou blessed angel?—me whom thou never saw'st before! Who taught thee my name?"

"Blind Rosa," was the answer.

"But how is it possible that thou hast known me? it must be God himself that has enlightened thy childish mind."

"O, I know you very well," said Peterken; "when I lead Rosa about to beg, she always talks of you. She says that you are tall, and have dark fiery eyes; and that you will come back again, and bring all such beautiful things. And so I was not afraid of you, good sir, for Rosa had bade me to love you; and you are to give me a bow and arrow."

The child's simple confidence made the traveller perfectly happy. He kissed him hastily and with tenderness, and said in a solemn tone:

"Father! mother! this child is rich! I will bring him up and educate him, and richly endow him. It shall be a blessing to him to have recognised me."

Joy and amazement overwhelmed the parents. The man stammered forth—

"Ah! you are too good. We ourselves thought that we knew you, but were not so certain of it, because Rosa told us that you were not so rich a gentleman."

"And you, too, knew me, you good people!" exclaimed the traveller. "I find myself amongst friends. Here I have relations and a family—while hitherto I have only found death and forgetfulness!"

The wife pointed to a smoky image of the Virgin, which stood upon the chimney piece, and said: "Here, every Saturday evening, burns a light for the return of Jan Slaets, or for the repose of his soul!"

The traveller directed his eyes in devotion towards heaven, and with a voice full of emotion, said:

"Thanks be to thee, O God, rich in love, that thou hast made affection more powerful than hate! My enemy has shut his name within his heart, with the dark feeling of his spite, but my friend has lived in memory of me, has inspired all around her with her love, has kept me here present, and made me the favourite of this child, while eighteen hundred miles separated me from her. O God be praised, I am rewarded to the full!"

A long silence followed before Jan Slaets could subdue his emotion, which inspired the people of the house with respect. The husband returned to his work, but held himself ready to hasten to the service of his guest. He, with little Peterken still upon his knee, asked, quite calmly:

"Good mother, has Rosa lived long with you?"

The wife, as if preparing herself for a long explanation, took her wheel, set it by his side, and began:

"I will tell you, good sir, how it has gone on. You should know that when the old Meulinck died, he divided his property amongst his children. Rosa, whom nothing in the world could induce to marry—I need not tell you the reason—gave her share wholly up to her brother, and only asked in return to live with him during her lifetime. At the same time she employed herself in making ornamental articles, and by this means acquired a great deal of money. There was no need to leave this to her brother, and she employed all her gains in doing good. She attended the sick, and paid for a doctor when it was necessary. She had always a pleasant word to encourage the suffering, and some delicacy to offer the sickly. We had scarcely been married six months, when my husband came home one day dreadfully ill of inflammation on the lungs; the cough which you now hear is the consequence of it. We have to thank our merciful God and the good Rosa that our poor Nelis is not now lying in the church-yard. If you could but have seen, dear, what she wholly and solely out of love did for us! She brought us additional bed-clothes, for it was cold, and we were wretchedly poor. She sent for two physicians from the next parish, and had them to consult with the doctor here on my husband's condition. She watched by him, alleviated his sufferings and my trouble by her affectionate conversation, and she paid all that was necessary for food and medicine; for Rosa was esteemed by everybody, and when she requested the ladies of the estate or the peasantry to assist the poor, she was never refused. Six whole weeks was our Nelis confined to his bed, and Rosa protected and assisted us till he, by degrees, could resume his work again."

"How I long to see the poor blind one," sighed the traveller.

The husband raised his head from his work; tears glanced in his eyes, and he said with emotion—

"If my blood could give her her sight again, I would freely spend the last drop of it."

This exclamation powerfully affected Jan Slaets; the wife observed it, and, with her hand, gave a sign to her husband to be silent. She then continued:

"Three months after, God gave us a child, the same that sits upon your knee. Rosa, who bore it to the font, desired that it might be christened Johan, but Peter, my husband's brother, who was godfather, a good man, but somewhat self-willed, insisted that it should be called Peter, after him. After a long discussion, the boy received the name of Johan Peter We call him Peterken, after his godfather, who still insists on its being called so, and who would be angry if it were otherwise; but Rosa will not hear him called so; she calls him constantly Janneken. The boy is proud of it, and knows that she calls him Janneken because it is your name, good sir."

The traveller pressed the boy with transport to his breast, and kissed him passionately. With silent admiration he gazed into the boy's friendly eyes, and his heart was deeply moved. The wife went on:

"Rosa's brother had engaged with people in Antwerp to collect provisions in the country round, and ship them to England. Trade was to make him rich, it was said; for every week he sent two carts to Antwerp. In the beginning all went well; but a bankrupt in Antwerp reduced all the gain to nothing for poor Tirt Meulinck, who was bound for him; scarcely could he pay half his debts. Through grief on this account he is dead. God be merciful to his soul!

"Rosa, after this, lived at Nand Flinck's, the shopkeeper, in a little room The same year the son, Karl, who had been away as a recruit, came home with bad eyes, and fourteen days after the poor young man became blind Rosa, who was sorry for him, and only listened to her own heart's suggestions, attended him during his illness, and led him by the hand in order to amuse him a little! Alas! she herself took the same complaint, and from that time she has never seen the light of day. Nand Flinck is dead, and his children are scattered about. Blind Karl lives at a farm-house near Lierre. Then came Rosa to live with us, and we told her how gladly we saw her with us, and how willingly we would work all our lives for her. She accepted our invitation. Six years are now flown, and God knows that she has never received from us a cross word, for she is herself all affection and kindness. If it be a question of doing something for her, the children are ready to fight which shall do it first."

"And yet she begs," said the traveller.

"Yes, good sir," said the wife, with a certain pride; "but that is her own fault. Do not imagine that we have forgotten what Rosa has done for us; and had we suffered hunger, and must have taken the yoke upon us, we would never have obliged her to beg. What think you then of us? Six months we kept her back from it; but beyond that point we could not prevail. As our family was increasing, Rosa, the good soul, thought she would become a burden to us, and wished, on the contrary, to help us. It was impossible to hinder her from it; she became sick of sorrow. When we saw that, after the half year, we gave way to her desire. For a poor blind person it is, nevertheless, no shame. At the same time, though we are poor, we do not make a gain of what she earns by begging. She will, ever and anon, compel us to take part with her: we cannot always be at strife with her, poor thing! but we give it her double back again. Without her knowing it, she is better clad than we are, and the food we set before her is better than our own. There always stands at the fire a seperate little pan for her. See here; to her potatoes she has a couple of eggs and melted butter. Of the remainder of her gains, I believe, from what I can learn by her words, that she is laying up a little hoard till our children are grown up. Her love deserves our gratitude, but we cannot oppose her will."

The traveller had listened in silence to the whole relation, but a happy smile upon his lips, and a mild lustre in his moistened eye, showed how much his heart was moved. The wife had ceased to speak, and occupied herself again with her wheel. The traveller remained awhile sunk in deep thought, when, setting the boy hastily down, he advanced towards the husband, and said in a commanding tone:

"Have you done with your work?"

The besom-maker did not comprehend his meaning, and was startled at his unusual tone.

"Give over your work, and give me your hand, farmer Nelis."

"Farmer?" said the besom-maker, astonished.

"Yes," exclaimed the traveller: "fling the besoms out of the door; I will give you a farm, four milch cows, a calf, two horses, and all that is necessary for house-keeping. You do not believe me," continued he, and showed the besom-maker a handful of money. "I tell you the truth. I could at once give you the necessary sum; but I respect and esteem you too much to offer you money. But I make you the proprietor of a farm, and protect your children both before and after my death."

The good people looked at each other with the tears streaming from their eyes, and did not seem rightly to comprehend what was passing. While the traveller was about to make them fresh promises, Peterkin pulled him by the hand as if he had something to communicate.

"What wilt thou, dear child?"

"Herr Jan," answered the boy, "see, the peasants are coming home from the field; I know now where I shall find Rosa. Shall I run and tell her that you are come?"

The traveller seized Peterken's hand, and drew him with impatience towards the door, as he said, "Come, come, lead me to her!" And while he made his adieu to the people of the house with his hand, he followed the child, who went with rapid pace through the midst of the village. So soon as they came to the first house, the people ran in wonder from shop and yard to look after them as it they were something extraordinary. And truly they presented a singular spectacle; the child in his little shirt and bare feet, who, lauging and playful, skipped along, holding by the hand of the unknown one. The astonished people could not comprehend what the rich gentleman, who at least seemed to be a baron, had to do with the besom-binder's Peterken. Their astonishment still increased as they saw the stranger stoop down and kiss the child. The only thought which occurred to some of them, and over which they now gossiped at every door, was that the rich gentleman had purchased the child of his parents to bring him up as his own son. People from the city who have no child of their own are often wont to do so; and the besom-makers Peterken was the handsomest child in the village, with his large blue eyes and his light curly hair. At the same time it was extraordinary that the gentleman took the child with him in his bare shirt.

The traveller strode rapidly forward. The whole village seemed to him to be magically illuminated; the leafy trees shone in their clear verdure, the low huts smiled at him, the birds sung with a transporting harmony, the air was filled with a balsamic odour and the warmth of life.

He had turned his attention from the child, to enjoy this new happiness. During this time, he had fixed his eye on the distances to transpierce the dark wood which, at the outer end of the village, seemed to close up the way.

Hastily, the child pulled him by the hand with all his power, and cried:

"See there!—there comes Rosa with our Trientje!"

And actually there came forward, by a house upon a great by-road, an elderly blind woman, led by a child of five years old.

Instead of rapidly accompanying the child, the traveller remained standing, and contemplated with pain and sorrow the poor blind one, who, at a distance, approached with unsteady steps. Was that his Rosa, the handsome, amiable girl, whose image still lived so young and fresh in his heart? But this contemplation lasted only a moment; he drew the child along with him, and hastened towards his friend. When he had arrived at about fifty paces from her, he could no longer command himself, but cried out in the highest transport—"Rosa! Rosa!"

The instant that this sound reached the blind one's ear, she drew her arm from that of her leader, and began to tremble as if she were seized with a fit of the ague. She extended her arms, and with the cry—"Jan! O, Jan!" sprang forward to meet him. At the same time she drew up a ribbon which hung round her neck, and exhibited, with an agitated mein, a golden cross.

The next instant she fell into Jan Slaet's arms, who, amid unintelligible words, attempted to kiss her. But the blind one prevented him gently with her hands, and, as this wounded his feelings, she seized his hand and said:

"O, Jan! Jan! I swoon with delight . . . but I am bound by an oath . . . come with me—we will go together to the church-yard."

Jan Slaets did not comprehend Rosa's meaning, but in the tone of her voice lay something so solemn, and at the same time sacred, that, without opposition, he complied with the wish of his friend. Without taking heed of the people of the village who surrounded them, he led her to the church-yard. Here she directed her course to the seat beside the cross, and obliged him to kneel by her side while she said—"Pray with me; I have vowed it to God."

She at the same time, elevated her clasped hands, breathed forth a warm prayer, and then, flinging her arms around her friend's neck, she kissed him, and sank exhausted but smiling on his breast.

During this time, Peterken skipped about amongst the villagers, who stood in wonder around, clapping his hands, and crying one time after another, "That is tall Jan! That is tall Jan!"

On a fine autumn day of the year 1846, the diligence rolled along the great highway from Antwerp to Turnhout, at the regular hour. In haste the conductor drew up not far from a solitary inn, and opened the door of the carriage. Two young travellers sprang, laughing and exulting, out upon the road, and stretched their arms like escaped birds who, again in full freedom, try their wings. They gazed around them on the trees, in the beautiful blue autumn air, with a joy which we experience when we have left the city, and with every breath can enjoy free nature. At the same instant the younger traveller turned his eyes upon the fields, and exclaimed: "Listen! listen!"

And, in truth, there came through the wood the indistinct tones of a distant music. The air was quick and lively; you might almost fancy that you heard the accompanying dance. While the younger one in silence pointed with his finger, his companion said, in an almost ironical tone:

In the shade of the lindens, to the trumpet's joyous note,
In the dance a gay crowd doth exultingly float;
And amid the gay crowd, like ocean waves flying,
There is no one who thinketh of suffering and dying.

"Come, come, dear Jan, don't rejoice thyself so beforehand. Probably they are celebrating the election of a new burgomaster."

"Nay, nay, that is no official joy. Let us, too, go there and see the peasant girls dance—that is so charming."

"Let us first drink a glass of ale with Peter Joostens, and ask him what is going in the village."

"And give ourselves up to the unexpected jollification, eh? So be it."

The two travellers entered the inn, and thought they should die of laughter the moment they put their heads into the room. Peter Joostens stood erect and stiff beside the fire. His long, blue holiday coat hung in rich folds almost down to his heels. He greeted the well-known guests with a heavy smile, in which a certain feeling of shame manifested itself, and he dared not move himself, for at every motion his stiff shirt collar cut his ears

At the entry of the travellers, he exclaimed with impatience, but without turning his head: "Zanna! Zana! hasten thee; I hear the music, and I have already told thee that we shall come too late."

Zanna came running in with a basket full of flowers. She looked so charming with her crimped lace cap, her wollen gown, her rose-coloured bodice, the large golden heart at her breast, and her ear-rings. Her face was finished with the bloom of the most joyous anticipation, and resembled a rose which opens its closed bud.

"A beautiful peony which blows on a fine summer day," observed the younger companion.

Zanna had fetched the two desired glasses of ale, and now hastened out of the door with her flowers, singing and laughing. Still more impatiently shouted Peter Joostens with all his might:

"Lisbeth! if thou dost not come directly, I will go away without thee, as sure as I stand here."

An old clock which hung by the wall pointed at the same instant to nine, and struck with a hoarse tone, "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

"What wretched taste is that!" said one the travellers; "have you sold the handsome clock, and hung this up to plague yourselves the whole year through with its death-note?"

"Yes, yes," said the host, smiling; "make yourself merry, at your pleasure, over this bird; it brings me in yearly fifty Dutch guilders—a good crop that needs no tillage."

Four cannon shots were heard at the same moment

"O heavens!" shrieked Peter Joostens; "the feast has begun. The women take my life with their hunting here and there."

"But, Peter Joostens," asked one of the travellers, "what is this going on in the village? Is it the wake? that would be odd on a Thursday—or is the king coming to the village?"

"It is a very extraordinary thing," replied the host; "it is an unheard of thing. If you knew the story, you might fill a whole book with it, without any invention. And the old cuckoo here has its place in Blind Rosa's story."

"Blind Rosa!" said the younger traveller, astonished; "What a charming title! That would make a fine counterpart to 'The Sick Youth.'"

"Nay, that won't do!" said the elder; "if we go out together to collect material for stories, we must honourably divide the spoil."

"Well, we can hereafter draw lots for it," said the younger, half regretfully.

"In the mean time," observed the elder, "we actually know nothing. Pull down your detestable shirt collar from your ears, Peter Joostens, and begin and regularly tell us all; and for your reward you shall have a book as soon as it is printed."

"Now I have no time for it," answered the host; "I hear my wife coming down stairs; but come along with us to the village, and on the way